THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DIED LAST NIGHT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Coupled with merriest bridals,
Jostled by passing jest,
Over an advertisement,
A sordid place at best,
Little black type and paper white,
Say, "Died last night."

The tribute in poet's corner,
The record of hero's fame,
Passes the eye of the mourner,
Seeking a dearer name:
The rain is falling, though skies are bright,
On this, "Died last night."

Not your name, but another,
Owerless now on earth;
Somebody sobs out "my mother"—
We join in the songs of mirth;
We are not touched by the heavy blight,
Though she "Died last night."

A name. Not mine; but another.
Not our darlings, 'tis not yet time.
Some sister, or may be some brother,
Woven in tenderest rhyme;
Somebody's home has lost its light,
By this "Died last night."

They turn to the leaf in the Bible,
And write with a bitter pain
The name they gave their birdling,
Or that came with the bridal train.
Their love-fires kindle with sadder light,
Since one "Died last night."

May be the one in the attic,
Welcomed the sweet release;
Gave toil and pain and hunger
And life for the silent Peace;
And only the moonbeams, cold and white,
Saw that she "Died last night."

Ever this burial and bridal,
Standing there side by side,
Ever our mortal footsteps
Starward and Heavenward glide,
For "somebody's darling" a tearful sight—
Ever this "Died last night."

LUCERN ELLIOTT.

THE

DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FANCY BALL.

Maple Hill was so brilliant that night that it fairly blazed out on the sight as the carriages wound up the river road; the gardens were hung with many-colored lamps, and the great portices were festooned with Chinese lanterns. Drawing nearer the sound of music floated out upon the ear, and when the great gates swung open, the arriving guests found themselves at once entered on their festivities.

The great old family chariot from The Poplars was a little late in coming, and when it swept round by the side entrance and deposited its four graceful figures on the lower colonade, the whisper ran about, "The three sisters are the three Graces," and Miss Raye *is* "Titania the fairy queen," but the ladies did not wait to gratify curiosity, but hurried up-stairs to the dressing-room to shake out their delicate drapery and emerge in full panoply.

Olivia came down first, and was met by Mrs. Barton Wetherington, the young hostess, arrayed like the noble Cornelia that queen of matrons, in allusion to her own little Gracchi, snugly cribbed after a birthday of gleesome frolic.

"But, my dear Miss Copeland," said Cornelia with a deprecating glance at the black tissue robe and pearl ornaments of the young lady of The Poplars.

"You know you allowed me to come in this way, or I should have lost the pleasure of a grand sight," interposed Olivia hastily. "Is it not magnificent? it actually bewilders me."

And really a finer display could not well be imagined; lifted quite out of herself and her own emotions, Olivia sought the shelter of one of the great pillars that supported the arch in the centre of the room, and gazed around her in breathless admiration; familiar faces so changed by antique or grotesque ornaments, as to look like the memory of a dream, forms of yesterday in the guise of past centuries, and all so splendid, so stately, so glittering. The music, the lights, her own young heart, for she was but a schoolgirl in experience, carried her out of the present, and made her soul thrill with enthusiasm. There was splendid Mrs. Darwood, dressed as Juno, her flowing train embroidered in gold, with peacock feathers, and her head crowned with an ancient tiara of precious stones. Phebe Grover's flashing beauty shone brightly in the garb of Egypt's queen, the glorious Cleopatra; and Minnie Wetherington's trailing golden hair hung in ripples round her ancient court dress as "Rosamond the fair." Miss Beverly, a graceful young lady from Stapleton, came in, led by Mr. Raye as Sir Walter Raleigh. Olivia scarcely recognized her delicate features and fine auburn hair, under the gorgeous crown and stately ruff of Queen Elizabeth.

"The Earl of Leicester shall receive your majesty," cried gay Cornelia; "'tis fitting that he should produce again some of the splendid revels of his famous castle to do you honor in our humbler halls. How does the good Sir Walter, your majesty's famous favorite?"

"Aurora, goddess of morning," cried the herald, and Adah floated by in a fleecy robe of white with soft pink clouds, behind which silver stars were paling. She wore a circlet of pearl drops on her forehead, with one shining diamond star in the centre, and her robe was fringed with glittering dew drops.

"Proserpine, queen of Hades—" Bertha followed with a wealth of flowers about her sunny hair and wreathing round her snowy boddice, but her skirt was black, with tongues of flame upon it, and she wore a girdle studded with garnets that gleamed like living coals.

"The lady Amy Robsart," said the herald again, and a slender figure, dressed as she was arrayed to meet her courtly lord in Cumnor-place, approached the virgin queen.

Olivia looked quickly, and once fixing her eyes upon the lovely being, she could not remove them.

Yes, it was Leonore Raye, but it was Amy Robsart, too. *She seemed born to express the sad story, around which such tender interest clings*; the strange mingling of dignity and childlike petulance, the pride that melted into love, the flashing spirit checked by gentleness, and over all that sweet, sad mystic veil of sorrow, that faint foreboding of the ill to come that made such beauty sacred, all were there.

"Do not ask me to give up Leicester," said Queen Elizabeth. "You know he is my true knight, and he and Sir Walter form all the court I have; but if you prese me I shall yield, no human heart could resist those pleading eyes."

"That is true," said Olivia to herself; "I must give her anything she should ask with that look." She seemed to know its force, too, for she continued gazing with asking earnestness, but did not speak.

Leicester threw aside his historical interest with some excitement, and his face reflected the truth of his words as he exclaimed,

"Good Heavens, my dear Miss Raye, don't regard me in that manner, or I shall call myself the guiltiest wretch alive. I feel as if I had the whole of that confounded tower staircase on my soul, and shall rush out and find a Richard Varney and run him through presently to relieve my mind."

Leonore laughed gayly, and flew off with Miss Jennie Grover, who represented a rather tangible "Lady of Avenel."

Leicester looked after her with enchanted eyes.

"I find my ambition dead within me, and not even England's crown can tempt me now," he cried with mock heroic fervor. "I have wronged my conscience and my happiness in not prizing such beautiful perfection sooner. See my repentant steps mark out another volume for Kenilworth; repentance, forgiveness, and lifelong devotion."

So saying, he gave the lovely Amy chase, and finding her surrounded by Titania's court, beset by Oberon and Puck and Ariel, he threw himself before her with a lofty pathos that well became his part, and sought to be received again in love and favor.

Olivia moved nervously from niche to niche along the wall till she came near and overheard their words; his were low and sighing.

"Ah, Amy, what a shallow fool he was who saw in cold and empty power a lure to win him from you."

She answered softly, "But I died, you know, and so he kept my memory all his own and faithful to the last."

The constant sting in Olivia's heart swelled to a fearful throb of pain, and the hot blood rushed madly round, seeming in an instant to turn to tons of ice, and weigh it down in desolate agony. It was a great pang, but it passed, and she recovered herself.

"It is mean and contemptible to listen," was her first thought, and she moved away. Suddenly she turned sick and faint, and everything grew blurred before her; the sounds seemed to reach her ear as from a distance. An ottoman stood near her, and she sank upon it; it seemed a long way, as if she were falling from the clouds, and every familiar object seemed to glide away and leave her in a great blank, with only one hold on consciousness, the folds of a lady's dress who stood close beside her, and whose robe she had clutched at as all else seemed floating away.

It was Mrs. Wallace, fortunately for the poor girl's pride, and she smiled in recognition, but looked terrified at a second glance.

"My dear girl!" she exclaimed, but Olivia's hold restrained her, and remembering the horror of a scene Miss Copeland always evinced, she tried to shield her deathly face from observation while she considered what she should do. The terrible agony was passing away, the fixed horror was melting from the eyes, and the color of life mingled once more with the dead blue of her lips. She gasped faintly, and then spoke in a whisper,

"I wish I were at home. I think I am ill."

"No, no, my dear, I hope not; it is these lights, they are so glaring. I'm sure I felt decidedly dizzy myself when I came in first. But pray don't give up, have a glass of wine; do, it will restore you completely."

No," said Olivia, "I could not swallow; but I'll remain if you think it best; let me stay here quietly, and I can sit in the shadow of that window drapery. It is the lights, as you say, they dazzle one so."

Tenderly as a parent did Mrs. Wallace draw Olivia's seat into the recess near the window, and sitting down near her, began to talk pleasantly of the company, who were still arriving in increasing splendor. Those already come began to join the dancers in adjoining rooms, and thither the twin sisters had gone, and from the arched doorway Olivia saw Amy Robsart whirling in Leicester's arms in the light mazes of the waltz."

"How odd," said Mrs. Wallace, in great surprise, "there is Louis waltzing, and he can never be persuaded to waltz with any one; he says it makes him think of te-totums."

Olivia said nothing, but looked steadily before her.

Sir Walter Raleigh came to pay his compliments.

"It is so awkward, talking like one's self *when one is trying to look like somebody* else, that I beg you'll allow me to fancy you a light of History, Miss Copeland. Shall we say Dido the mourning queen; the black robe and pearls suggest the idea?"

Olivia brought her weary head to the effort of bowing slightly, and Sir Walter went on,

"Then, sad star of Carthage, let me bring my homage in the form of a tribute to your speechless sorrow. Being a loyal knight and true, I have been in the train of ladies, and gathering favors as they fall. Here is a gem from Cinderella's slipper; here an ivy leaf from Hope's coronal; this is one of Pocohontas's feathers; and this is one of St. Cecilia's beads. But what I treasure most, is this tiny white glove, dropped by my lord of Leicester. It was a pledge fair Amy gave him; and in stealing it, I have repaid myself for bearing the cruel coldness of that infatuating beauty."

He laid it on his velvet knee, and smoothed it tenderly. Then done his puny errand, he bowed himself away.

"What a contemptibly shallow person that Mr. Raye is," said Mrs. Wallace, angrily.

Olivia roused herself.

"He is not at all agreeable to me," she admitted, "but I do not think him so silly as he takes the pains to appear."

The truth was, she knew that he guessed her feelings, and being perfectly aware that she disliked him, had stooped to revenge himself a little by allusions to her lover's faithlessness.

"If he sees it, all the world can see it too," she said within herself, and by a mighty effort roused her strength to throw off her troubled air, and smile and seem at ease.

It was hard to do. Mrs. Wallace watching her and maintaining the wisdom of her own proposition in the afternoon, still pitied her sincerely, and strove to aid her in the task. She made no allusion to her recreant son, whose rare gayety and brightness would have charmed her, had Olivia shared in the revel.

Presently he came, not in humility or penitence, but with the flush of his high spirits fresh in his manner.

"What dull moths among butterflies you are," he cried; "I should offer you my arm to go into the garden where the scene is magnificent—but I cannot afford to lose my part and descend to real life for a moment. Mr. Rivers, the clergyman from Stapleton, is here; I'll send him to you. Why, Olivia, how pale and cold you look; it is that gardening in the sun you are constantly doing, and it tans you a dull yellow. I thought you ladies prized your complexions, since losing them you lose your first charm."

So he hurried away, laughing, with an assumption of his courtly manner, as soon as he was out of sight of them, and joined a group of knights, who were going to tilt for some fair lady's favor on the lawn outside.

He had spoken in haste and lightly; his words were received with care and seriousness.

"I have lost my first charm truly; shall I strive to win it back?" This she repeated again and again to herself; and the night, so full of mad pleasure as it seemed for all but her, wore slowly on.

"Will it never come to an end?" she kept asking, in her mind; "will it never come to an end?"

It did at last. A faint streak of daylight in the eastern sky, sent the revellers flocking in like frightened ghosts, and they fled to the dressing-rooms to shroud their mimic splendor from that great brilliant eye that would soon rise to question them reproachfully about the dead they had been raising from the grave where his father Time had laid them.

"Thank God it is to-morrow," said Olivia in her thoughts, as she stood waiting for the carriage in the great hall, where the prying light was creeping in and finding fault with the lamps.

"But Miss Leonore Raye was the queen of the fete," said a voice at her shoulder; "all were lovely, but she was the loveliest by acclamation."

She said good-night mechanically to everybody. She was very wretched, but she contrived to preserve her manner; and even smiled on Mrs. Wallace, whose anxious face gazed mournfully after her. But falling back, she caught sight of one little, snowy, jeweled hand lying bare upon the garnet velvet of her gown close at her side. The other wore the white pearl fringed glove, whose mate Mr. Raye has smoothed upon his knee; and she shuddered and nestled out of sight in the corner of the carriage. But no one had eyes or ears for her; they were all three drunk with delight, and talked in high, rapturous strains of the exquisite pleasure of the night; even the placid sisters were strangely excited; and in her dreamy heart, Olivia wondered where the usually unenthusiastic creatures had caught such glowing life. She forgot how exciting to the dullest natures are triumphs of any kind, and did not take *into consideration that Adah and Bertha* never had known the intoxicating bliss of flattery and attention before.

CHAPTER XVII.

REPROACH.

The full, broad daylight gleamed and glowed in her splendid apartment, when Olivia closed the door and shut herself in. It was the great state chamber of Miss Bessard; and the gorgeous couch on which she lay in funeral grandeur, was the one on which her young successor threw herself to repose.

Barbara did not come to disturb her, but conducted the household affairs without appealing to her for counsel. In the evening she came down to tea; it was late, nearly eight o'clock, but still light enough to see the table in the tea-room spread according to custom.

"Open the windows, and don't bring any candles yet," said Miss Copeland to the attendant.

Barbara came in to ask if the young ladies should be served in their own apartment, or should the bell be rung. They settled the question by appearing while she was speaking, and sinking wearily into seats.

"Oh I'm so tired that I find it impossible to become thoroughly rested. But wasn't it grand? I wish there would be a whole season of just such gayety; don't you, Bertie?"

Ada yearned even as she spoke; and her sister gaped sympathetically in answering,

"Yes, it was splendid. But I am sorry I didn't have blue clouds instead of pink—blue is more becoming always."

Leonore came in lazily, and found her seat in silence. Her salutation had been in action, and she did not raise her head or look around till Adah began complaining of the dimness of the room.

"I am groping about for my plate," she said, "and it is almost night."

"Yes," said Olivia, "but my eyes pain me—pray endure it while I remain; I will drink my tea, and begone; then you can have lights."

"Where does that peculiar perfume come from?" asked Leonore; "it is like something I have dreamed about." She put aside her tea and inhaled it in the air; it was very pleasant to her senses, apparently; but neither Adah nor Bertha had caught the scent.

"You perceive it too, do you not?" she asked, quickly turning to Barbara, who stood behind Miss Copeland's chair. It was a dull light, but Leonore looking steadily at the housekeeper, fancied she saw her turn pale, and look confused at the question.

"I, miss; oh no, I do not notice anything unusual."

This is what she said; but the woman, if she ever had a conscience, must have left it years ago on the banks of the Clementina near Wynhope, for in her own mind she was thinking, "The very scent that came from the ebony cabinet when Miss Bessard died. The same subtle penetrating odor."

"Mr. Wallace is in the drawing-room," said the servant; "he begs you not to be disturbed—he will wait there."

Olivia rose.

"You can have lights brought now, Adah," she said, gently, "and I hope you will forgive me for keeping you in the dark so long."

Ada, who had been busily sniffing, to see if she could detect the peculiar perfume Leonore spoke of, hastened to entreat her sister not to go away because she foolishly demanded lights.

"It is very pleasant, I'm sure," she said, "and I know your head must ache, for everybody spoke about your looking so badly last night, Livy dear."

She was a kind-hearted creature, and now approached her sister with her arms open to embrace her, but Olivia repulsed her hastily, though not unkindly.

"My head does ache," she said, "and is keenly conscious of the least jar."

"Then I'll kiss you gently," said Adah, and as her lips touched her sister's reluctant face, she started back and cried out:

"Ah, yes, I know what you mean now, Leonore; it is a delicious fragrance, and it is about Olivia—"

But the older sister had gone before she concluded speaking, and Bertha, calling for lights, plunged at once into a pleasant retrospect of the grand ball.

"Now, Leonore, you had a triumph, you must not deny it; every one was perfectly wild about you."

The housekeeper drew near the speaker and listened breathlessly in the deepening darkness.

"Yes," laughed the silly Adah, "and we may as well tell you before the lights come, and we see your blushes, that every one said you had enchanted Mr. Wallace; they said he looked like a different being under your influence, and I truly and really believe he adores you, like lovers in stories do, for all Livy and he are engaged to be married."

The little lady sprang up with such violent haste that she overturned her chair.

"Stop, you are fools, and cannot know what you are saying. It was all a play. If it had been real, it would have been foul and wicked; but I have neither heart nor eyes, I neither look nor feel, except in play. It was all a mockery, and I could not be so false."

She stopped suddenly. Barbara had raised the chair she had thrown down, and stood close beside it. She sat down. The lights came in and showed their faces in the first blinding flash, pale as death itself, and singularly over-wrought with suppressed feeling.

"Don't say such things again," said Leonore, faintly; "don't say such things to me again."

Barbara said nothing, but she moved back a pace and passed her hand over her face, as if to protect it from the glare of light.

"Let us come to our rooms," said Leonore, making a strong effort to recover her composure. "I want to tell you of your conquests. Come." She rose and led the way, and the two, who were accustomed to be guided by her, followed.

Left alone, Barbara ordered the table to be cleared quickly. She was going to the lodge to see the keeper's wife about some hops that were needed for yeast; and she left word in the kitchen with Mollie that if Jean came she should be back presently. It was now quite dark, and being a cloudy night, the air was very heavy with the presage of coming rain. She went down the garden and took a little path that skirted off to an opening in the grove. "It was a pleasant walk and the air would do her good, so she should go by the long way," she said. She was not a truthful woman, as soon transpired, for she no sooner lost sight of the house in the grove than she took off her bonnet and shoes, and thrusting them in the hollow of an old tree, shook out her gray barege shawl into a loose mantle, to be wound about her whole form, and stole back again by the path that led directly to the house. The drawing-room was dark, but she approached the side window, which was nearest the ground and wide open. There were leaves and flowers of trailing plants around, but she stirred them so slightly that they made no sound. Down among their roots she crouched, and brought her ear close to the window seat. The room was silent, and she began to fear empty, too, but suddenly a voice spoke so close to her that she almost felt herself discovered. It was Louis; he sat with his back towards the window, and seemed to be leaning over Olivia as he addressed her.

"I hoped to find you angry with me," he said. "Olivia, your calmness is terrible. Why do you not upbraid me?"

"Because it would be a senseless waste of feeling. I cannot unlearn my own nature and adopt a new one. I hope I am simply true and earnest in all I say and do, and I judge others by my own standard. When I find myself deceived. I am completely astray and miserable; but I cannot begin again by a new method and call it freaks of fancy, erratic temperament, or the like. Louis, to me one must be either true or false. I know no medium in faith."

"There should be none," he murmured, sorrowfully, and seemed to shrink before her in self-abasement.

She went on: "I did not mean to see you, Louis, but I cannot bear that my sisters should guess the miserable story of my struggle. You have come to me to-night

with a confession of faithlessness of which I would not dare accuse you, and if I read aright, I never can hope to completely fill your heart."

"Olivia, you are cruel, relentlessly cruel. I have tried to tell you that with me heart and fancy are two opposing elements, and that the one may be caught like a miserable moth by any passing flame, whilst the other is filled with a higher, purer devotion."

She shook her head and sighed.

"That is sound, mere sound, Louis," she said, mournfully; "but when I say that I have tried by every empty plan I knew to excuse and explain your conduct, I will show you how strongly my own poor heart pleads against my reason."

"That is it, Olivia," he cried impetuously; "there is too much reason and calmness and measurement in your love. For God's sake, let it be mine in boundless freedom, and it will form a safeguard for me against every temptation and misery."

She seemed to withdraw from his embrace.

"You must love me with an all-sufficient, life long love, or I shall never be your wife," she said. "Shall I tell you the truth, Louis? To-night you think only of me, but to-morrow, as yesterday, I may divide your heart with Leonore Raye."

The effort she made to utter the name proved how deep its power lay in her heart, and the one who was meant to hear it started almost as nervously as Barbara, the eavesdropper, did.

"It was a fancy, an infatuation," he muttered, uneasily. "She was so beautiful—and—and—"

"And I looked plain and unattractive," said Olivia, bitterly. "I will begin again and try to win you by my beauty," and she laughed as if with a hidden meaning in the words.

"Oh, do not use mockery, Olivia. I am fully conscious of my folly, but you do not, or you will not understand me."

She rose. "I am sick and tired," she said, "and will see you again in three days. No—not before—" for he strove to interrupt her with an entreaty. "I must rest and I must think, so must you, and if you find your heart stronger than your *fancy*, we will believe in each other once more. Good-night." She gave him her hand, and thrust aside his outstretched arms. "Let us learn to be true before we are fond," she said quietly.

These were the last words he ever heard her speak, and Barbara's figure as she rose up seemed to cast a shadow between them in parting.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEATH.

"Miss Copeland is not well," said Barbara next day at breakfast; "she desires me to serve tea, and begs that you will not be at all disturbed about her; she only wants rest and perfect quiet to restore her."

Bertha and Adah looked at each other in surprise and dismay.

"Olivia never is ill," said Adah. "I must go and see her; it must be something quite dreadful, or she would not keep her room."

"Yes," said Bertha, shuddering; "it may be a terrible catching fever, and she may want us to stay away lest we take it."

"No, I assure you, Miss," interposed Barbara, hastily, "she was up, walking about the room, and has taken some books to read, as she lies in the easy chair. She is merely tired and dull."

"Oh!" said the twin sisters slowly, and they sat down and began to eat. Leonore had said nothing at all, nor did she speak during breakfast. There was plenty of company that day; the drawing-room was full, and Miss Raye would see no one; the poor distracted sisters exhausted their monosyllables with Mrs. Wallace, of whom they were rather afraid, and felt quite appalled at Mr. Raye, who stayed in the most heartless manner long after he had driven them into frightened silence by his cunning questions about Leonore; and then there was a large party of people from Stapleton who insisted on arriving one after the other in rapid succession, and quite paralyzing the unaccustomed hostesses.

"Was there anything ever so disagreeable as Olivia's illness?" said Bertha to Leonore, late that night. "Adah went up to her door, but she was sound asleep and did not hear her knock, so we cannot tell whether she is better or not."

"She will be well in the morning," said Adah, decidedly; "she has a cold, and that is all, Barbara says, and she is sure to be right you know."

It was not usual for Bertha or Adah either to retain a firm or clear conviction on any subject very long, so their rising in the morning quite early and both hurrying up stairs to their sister's room, after first discovering that she was not in the breakfast parlor as usual, showed that her sickness, though so slight, had made a decided impression on their minds.

They knocked, and receiving no answer, waited awhile, looking at each other before repeating the summons. "She's asleep, perhaps she did not rest well in the night, and has fallen into a deep slumber now."

They said this to each other to account for the silence that prevailed after their third knock. Barbara came along the hall; she looked very pale, and her mouth trembled nervously as she began to speak.

"Is Miss Copeland better?" she asked.

"We don't know, we can't make her hear us," they both replied together.

"She is sleeping," said the housekeeper, solemnly. How strangely her voice sounded. The sisters looked at her breathlessly.

"You said she would be well," they cried.

"And why should she not be well?" said Barbara, hoarsely. "She's young and pure, and free from sin. I mean she should be well of so slight a disorder."

The sisters turned quickly and knocked again with all their might, and Adah began to cry in a frightened way.

"Be still," said Bertha, excitedly; "I cannot hear plainly, but I think I heard her say 'come in.' Try the door, Barbara."

"It is locked," said the housekeeper, before she had touched the handle. She shook it with all her force, however, and then all three stood and looked at each other a moment. Both sisters were crying now. "We must rouse the household," said Barbara. She was much excited, and acted like one under the influence of insanity, and even the poor sisters noticed how harsh and grating her voice sounded.

They were a pitiable picture of alarm and horror; her words seemed to carry some indefinable dread to their souls, and they cried out in helpless misery, "Oh, what can it be? What do you think? Is it something awful? Oh, poor, dear, darling sister; good, kind Olivia!"

Poor young lady, gracious and courtly mistress of the grand old mansion, she was past hearing their cries or prayers. When the assembling household gathered for a second time in breathless fear around that mysterious threshold, and the forced door gave way beneath the efforts of Geoffrey Long, the oldest and trustiest man servant on the place, she was disclosed to their affrighted sight just as her maid had seen her last, leaning backward in her great easy chair, with the full, bright light of morning on her face. The partly open eyes met the sun unflinchingly, and not one rigid feature moved. She was dead and turned to marble, it would seem—beautiful, stainless marble, without spot or blemish on its shining whiteness; but oh! so cold, so ghastly cold and chill.

Not a fold of the dress she had worn when they saw her last was disturbed or misplaced; not a curve of her graceful figure, nor a turn of her pretty hands as they lay loosely in her lap, bespoke the least struggle or departing pang. She seemed fallen into a deep, solemn, emotionless sleep, and frozen there.

In the first awful look the poor young sisters took in the picture and realized their loss. As they sank upon the carpet at her feet, with a wild cry of desolation, all she had been to them in years of quiet, unselfish devotion, smote their hearts like a reproach, and the blank horror of a future without her watchful love was too fearful to be met. A merciful unconsciousness spared them for a little time, and they were carried away by the frightened servants just as Leonore came running from her room, alarmed at their frantic cry, and the disturbance in the household.

When she saw Miss Copeland's body she stood still, as if turned to stone at the sight, but quickly recovering, screamed out that a surgeon must be brought and efforts made to restore her.

"It is a trance," she said—"that is not death. Fly for your lives and bring brandy and spices. Something must be done while the doctor is being fetched. Let us rub her arms. It is a trance, I tell you, only a trance."

Her excitement roused them from the paralysis of fear; and though her frantic efforts were unavailing, a surgeon was brought and a secret message despatched to Mrs. Wallace, of Riverbend. The good lady was just about descending to breakfast when Geoffrey Long came into the hall and intercepted her. The young gentleman was waiting at the dining-room door to allow her to pass, and the good old man drew her towards the hall entrance to avoid his hearing the dreadful tidings too soon. "Will you please ride over, ma'am," he said. "We're all struck in a heap in our place; Miss Olivia's quite dangerous, all of a sudding, and the young ladies is gone crazy with grief. Oh, ma'am, spare the young gentleman as long as you can, but she's dead; they found her stark and stiff in her room an hour ago. God bless you, ma'am, hold up; don't you see Mr. Louis is looking at you? Oh, break it easy to him, if you can."

Louis came towards them quickly; his color changed and he bit his under lip nervously as he came. "What is it?" he demanded.

His mother groaned and hid her face, but made no answer. He repeated the question with almost fierce impatience, and caught Geoffrey by the arm. "Speak up, man; don't try to mince the truth. What is it, I say? In Heaven's name, what is it?"

"The young mistress is dead, sir, and may the Lord help you to bear it," answered the man in a solemn voice.

Louis reeled back a pace and looked almost as ghastly as the figure of his lost love. He moved his lips as if to question further, but could make no sound. Then he looked about him, as if everything had grown suddenly strange, and he felt himself lost and bewildered.

That was only the first shock of uncertainty that follows a heavy blow; it soon gave place to the horrible realization, and he sprang out and saddled his horse and was flying over the road at headlong speed, while his dismayed mother still confronted Geoffrey with her speechlessly sorrowful face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBR'Y 29, 1868.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

OVER SEA.—We call attention to the series of letters from "Over Sea," by "Hattie." They are bright, animated, and full of interest. "Hattie" may be, as she says, near-sighted, but she keeps her eyes pretty widely open notwithstanding, and manages to see nearly everything that is worth seeing—and, which is equally important, knows how to describe it afterwards also.

"CHEAP AND NASTY."

Judging from many of the books which we receive from our publishing firms, another era of "cheap and nasty" literature is almost upon us. We refer, of course, not to the matter of the works, but to the manner in which they are being issued.

This may be a necessity of competition and of the dull times—but not the less is it to be regretted. Small type, and bad type, and dingy paper, and pamphlet editions—we had hoped the day for all such miserable imitations of what should be books, had passed away.

Of course it is better to buy and read these than not to read books at all, but it seems to us wiser to buy books which are books, even if you cannot afford to buy so many of them. A well bound and printed volume, in good type, can be put on a shelf, and will afford amusement and instruction for generations; but a cheap and miserable attempt at a book, never will secure sufficient respect to prevent its being torn and cuffed and kicked about, until it finds its appropriate place in the ash box.

Besides, you really cannot get the full sense of an author's meaning in one of these miserable, "cheap and nasty" editions. It seems to hide itself ashamed behind the blurred or pigmy type. We have often been struck with the improvement apparent in articles originally written for newspapers, when they have been afterwards republished in a book. The larger and clearer type, and better paper, seemed to give new clearness to the illustrations, new force to the arguments. In fact, the author's meaning was not obscured any longer by the imperfections of the medium through which it was conveyed.

And so, in the coming era of "cheap and nasty" editions, we would advise all sensible persons still to lay out their money in books that are books—confident that they will find more gratification in the purchase of a few well-bound and well-printed works, than in a host of such miserable imitations.

DEATH OF MR. SWAIN.

Mr. William M. Swain, one of the founders of the *Public Ledger*, died recently in this city, in the 58th year of his age.

We had a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Swain, but he was universally spoken of by his fellow publishers as a man of strong native sense and sagacity. Starting with the Public Ledger as a penny paper, its success laid the foundations of a large fortune. For Mr. Swain not only knew how to make money, but to invest it well after it was made.

Appreciative and generous towards those who were in his employ, Mr. Swain has left behind him the memory of an able, kind-hearted and liberal man—one who was useful in his day and generation.

Over Sea.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GRESHAM HOTEL, }
Dublin, February 7th, 1868. }

Dublin has, at last, awakened from its long, lethargic sleep. The Lord Lieutenant held his first Levee on Tuesday, February 4th, at the Castle. The Drawing-Room took place on the following night—thus the Season has been inaugurated. Other Levees and Drawing-Rooms will follow in due succession. Balls and Dinner Parties will fill up the interim—and for two months life in the little Capital will be at its gayest and best. Hotels are crowded; side-walks thronged; groups of strolling players patrol the streets; the bands of the different regiments are heard in various directions, entwining curiously with the snarling clamor of Highland bag-pipes; and red-coats are thick as strawberries in June. The air is fresh, and wild, and balmy, and filled with faint, sweet intimations of the approaching spring—for a little, the town seems bonny and heartsome—one could almost grow to love it.

I sat at the window on Tuesday, watching the carriages, with their contents, roll away from the door. Noblemen in picturesque court suits of the time of Louis Quatorze; Deputy Lieutenants and Officers in their brilliant, scarlet uniforms; clergymen in sombre gowns, all hastening to present themselves at the Levee; and as I watched, I wished that the tide of life would not flow to my very feet and vanish, leaving no trace. Entered a dapper little gentleman, panting and breathless.

"For three hours," said he, "I have been waiting at the Castle to obtain tickets for you for the Drawing Room to-morrow night, and here are two."

(Apropos, and within brackets; these tickets were not for the Presentation, which involves a previous month of ceremony and preparation—but for the balcony of the Hall, where one looks down on the crowd and glitter, as from a box at the Opera. The number issued is very limited—only given to friends of high court dignitaries, and utterly unattainable by the uninitiated.)

Two—with these Camellia and I could go, or Japonica and I could go; but Camellia *and* Japonica and I could not be admitted with less than three bits of paltry pasteboard; and, as we are more inseparable than the three Fates, or the three Furies, or the three Gorgons, or the three Graces, or any other group of three inseparables which you can either fancy or remember, I thanked the dapper little gentleman with a melancholy smile, bowed him to the door with a profound sigh, laid the tickets on the table, and relapsed into watching and wistfulness.

An official of the Hotel—higher than waiter, and lower than proprietor—entered soon after with the stereotyped question,

"What'll you have for dinner to-night, miss? We've boiled turkey—"

I waved him into sudden silence.

"Give us anything you like; but, oh! Mr. L———, isn't it too bad?" and I launched forth into a recital of my woes.

"I think I can fix that," said he, kindly. "Lord C——— has the drawing-room next to yours—and if any one can get you tickets, he can. I'll ask him."

And he did. What persuasion the man used I'm sure I don't know, but at all events an immense envelope presently made its appearance—sealed with a seal, and stamped with a crest—and it contained two tickets, so that not only Camellia, Japonica, and I went, but Monsieur Bonhomie accompanied us, and the manner of our going was on this wise:

It is indispensable that one should appear at the Drawing-Room in full evening dress—which means in Dublin, minus bonnet, and plus any quantity of fineries. So, after due attention to the proprieties, after listening to the mysterious swish, swish, of laces and silks in the corridors, as the bevy of belles and dowagers rustled down, and out, and away—the clock of the old post-office pealed nine, the chimes jangled, and I began impatiently picking out "Home, Sweet Home," on the piano, with the gloved index finger of my right hand. The door opened, and Bonhomie made his appearance, just in time to save himself from a severe reprimand. He bowed meekly as one who should deprecate criticism. I put on my eye-glasses and surveyed him. Dress coat, low-necked vest, white necktie, boots immaculate, mauve kids exhaling violet odors. I replaced my glasses in their case. The action was significant. Bonhomie smiled, presented arms, Camellia and Japonica followed, and presto! we swept with a rush through the corridors, and down the wide staircase lined with spectators, through the tesselated hall out into the cool night air, past ranks of gaping canaille to the—(I'm ashamed to write it. I should like to say coach and four, but truth compels me to put it,) *cab*. We paced away, and presently found ourselves in the long procession of vehicles, slowly filing into the Castle yard.

Arrived at the state entrance, obsequious lackeys assisted us to alight—our feet rested on velvet carpet. Bonhomie led us to the foot of the grand staircase, and we looked about us. Scarlet tapis at our feet, scarlet uniforms striding past. We were conscious of fresh, young, happy faces, titled dames, and ribboned gentlemen, a faint odor of musk, a gleam of jewels, and flutter of laces; and over all, the pulsing, passionate notes of a band valse, that swayed us to and fro as the wild night wind sways the meadow grass.

Meanwhile a portly flunkey frowned upon us, examined our bits of pasteboard through a gold eyeglass, was graciously pleased to relax into smiles and obsequiousness at sight of the noble signature appended thereto, and finally beckoned to an orderly, who preceded us out into the air again, through a long arcade, into another passage—past mazes, and mazes, and mazes—up stairs, and stairs, and stairs, into what seemed to be the donjon keep. A door was flung open, the balcony was before us, or rather a compartment of it, we entered and seated ourselves and rested. Rested and looked about us. Not much to be seen at first evidently. A square, lofty hall, not remarkable otherwise for its dimensions, being a trifle larger than most American dancing academies. A throne and canopy at one end—raised seats at the side. Tables spread, and arranged precisely like the banquet in Macbeth, so that I fully expected her ladyship to make her appearance, and request us not to stand upon the order of our going, but go at once.

"We shall see the animals feed," whispered Bonhomie, inelegantly. Bonhomie is English, and has that peculiar love for Erin's sons and daughters, for which his countrymen are celebrated; but as he has travelled in America only three months, and is therefore but partially civilized, I thought of the little light which has been vouchsafed to him, and forgave him on the spot.

"But where are all the people?" "Going through the ceremony of presentation." Now as I did not see this, I shall be obliged to depend on the aid of a friend who was "presented" last year. At precisely nine o'clock the Lord Lieutenant (the Marquis of Abercorn,) and his wife, the Marchioness of Abercorn, take their places under a dais in the Audience-room. The crowd, meanwhile, are impatiently waiting without, in the long corridor. Your card is handed to a lackey, your name shouted forth—a page hastily spreads your train out, fan-like, on the floor. You sweep slowly up the long room, bow, and pass on—a page at the far door gathers up your train and arranges it gracefully on your left arm, and the ceremony for you is over. In case it is your debut, however, the Lord Lieutenant takes your right hand, kisses you on the left cheek, and you pass on as before. The Marchioness simply bows as the crowds pass by her. It is *de rigueur* for ladies to appear in trains, low corsage, and court plumes. Officers appear in their uniforms, clergymen in their gowns, civilians in court suits.

And now the waiters take their places at the long tables. Groups stray in, first slowly, then swiftly, until there is a perfect crush. The seats fill rapidly, and two-thirds of the people are obliged to stand. There is a clamor of sudden speech, laughter and merriment. Waiters rush hither and thither with ices, coffee, bonbons and negus. Champagne corks pop. There is a semblance of promenade—there are eye and lip flirtations—there are faces to scan and dresses to criticise. I raked the hall through my opera glass, here, there, everywhere, first hopefully, then despondingly, then despairingly. I grieve to chronicle it, I write it more in sorrow than in anger, but believe me, I saw not one pretty face—*not one*. Here in the very creme de la creme of Dublin society, too—oh! it was melancholy.

I know what certain friends of mine will say to this, with a shrug of the shoulders and a lift of the eyebrow—"Oh! well, advancing years and all that; you know, dear, she always was as blind as a bat, and then the gentlemen say that Irish ladies are divine, and of course they must know."

Now, such strictures wound my sensibility—I am aware that I am getting old, I am aware that I am purblind, but I endeavor to endure such speeches with the patience of Job and the meekness of Moses.

However I put Bonhomie on the track. "Point me out the prettiest lady here," I said. Bonhomie looked bewildered, took the opera glass, ogled through it for five minutes, and said gravely, "I don't see any."

"*There*," I ejaculated triumphantly—"Camellia, Japonica, do you hear that?"

Camellia and Japonica looked contemptuous, and said "They know as much before." Of course I felt snubbed, but then they have no reputation to sustain, and I have.

"There is a lady down there; the one in pink—no, is it pink? I fancy it must be blue, with something white all over it, and her hair fixed in a bob, so"—and Bonhomie helplessly wriggled his hands all over his head, in feeble imitation of a waterfall. I looked at him severely, but he went on unconsciously—"There, she's talking to that officer, the one with his breast covered with medals and ribbons—d'ye see her? Well, she's an awfully jolly person. Do you know she eyed me in St. Patrick's last Sunday?—comical, sidelong glances, that made me laugh—there, she's looking at that old officer in the same way." I gazed at the young lady with half-unwilling admiration—she was tall, graceful, slightly passee. Strength, humor and resolution were stamped on her features. Not beautiful, she yet possessed a charm peculiarly her own—a half-haughty, half-weary, thoroughly wilful look. Of course her conduct at St. Patrick's was highly improper, but then it was so different from the stilted, cut-after-a-pattern manner of Irish young lady-kin, that I confess I liked her, and I told Bonhomie so.

Let me say again, Irish ladies—of high birth or low birth—look that graceful, distinguished, high-bred air, which is so striking a characteristic of our American countrywomen.

The blazing gas-light, the upward rush of heated air, the lack of ventilation, grew insupportable. I turned to Bonhomie suddenly, and declared my intention to faint. Camellia and Japonica looked frightened. Bonhomie glanced at me and then at himself—he is only five feet six in height, and I weigh something less than two hundred pounds—"Re-consider it," he said, imploringly. "Well, I won't faint then, but I'll go home. Come."

They marched out of the box door, obediently, into the arms of a policeman.

"Don't go," he said sweetly. "I really cannot allow you. The procession is to come yet, and that is the best of all." Camellia and Japonica looked at me—Bonhomie looked at me. They know that I'm not to be frightened by an army of policemen. "I think if I had a *glass* of water," I said faintly, "I might be able to survive it." People flew in various directions, and I was immediately surrounded by a dozen glasses of water, one of which I drank gratefully.

The preparatory bom, bom, of a drum was heard. The band struck up "God save the Queen," and we scrambled back to our places.

The procession consisted of the Lord Lieutenant, his wife, family, aides-de-camp, officers of the household, and ladies in waiting, who promenaded once through the hall. To me the sight was one of the saddest I have ever seen. The Court is in mourning. But two months ago the Marquis of Abercorn lost a son, a brave boy of eighteen. His mother was the only one of the family who was with him when he died, and the grief nearly killed her. She has just returned from Nice, and looks ill fitted for the onerous social duties that fall so heavily on her. The Marchioness was arrayed in black velvet, heavily trimmed with crape. She is tall, slender and graceful, with a weary, high-bred air, and a look of pathetic sadness was on her face as she bowed graciously, right and left.

The Marquis is a handsome, noble looking man, and was dressed in dark blue, with the various insignia of the Garter, Bath, and other orders to which he belongs.

The procession having vanished, the crowds began to disperse, and the band wailed out the saddest dirge I ever heard. Camellia and Japonica looked pensive. "Helas!" sighed Bonhomie, stroking his moustache, "the poor boy was only eighteen." I felt myself growing sentimental—and at my age too! "Goodness gracious!" I said, "let us go home." Bonhomie dropped his moustache, looking startled. We gathered our burnous about us, slipped down, down, down, out into the air where flunkeys were shouting for the carriages—by some good luck obtained a cab immediately, and rode back to the hotel in the brilliant moonlight.

In the hall the housekeeper met us, patted me approvingly on the shoulder and said, "Well, and how did you enjoy yourself?"—and, in the same breath, "Now go to your drawing-room and I will send up something hot, or you'll be sure to take cold; and for you, Monsieur Bonhomie, a whiskey punch."

"No," I said, severely, "no whiskey punches to-night."

Bonhomie's face fell a quarter of an inch. I relented. "Very well, then, you may for this once—but remember it's a great concession."

In our room Camellia, Japonica and I sipped our hot sherry sang—Bonhomie his punch, meditatively.

The pendule clock on the mantel struck two. "Bon soir," said Bonhomie, rising. "Bon soir," said we, in a breath—and the long, strange, happy evening was ended.

HATTIE.

A Fast Man in Bankruptcy.

John W. Steel, familiarly known as "Johnny" Steel, and somewhat distinguished as an "oil prince," having for a considerable length of time enjoyed the princely income of $2,000 per day, yesterday filed in the United States District Court a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. Many of our readers will remember the romantic history of his exploits in the east, published some time ago, during which he is reported to have squandered several hundred thousand dollars. After having "sowed his wild oats," and losing his oil farm, he found himself in rather straightened circumstances, and was recently compelled to earn a living by driving an oil team. His indebtedness, as set forth in his petition, amounts to over $100,000. Some of the items are quite heavy, a few of which we note: To Henry W. Kenaga, of the Girard House, Philadelphia, he owes $10,824; to Wm. A. Galbraith, attorney-at-law, Erie, $10,000; J. E. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia, for jewelry, $5,805; John D. Jones, for harness, $1,230; William Horn & Co., for cigars, $562; E. H. Coulin, Philadelphia, liquors, $2,024; Phelan & Collender, Philadelphia, for billiard tables, $1,500; to an unknown creditor, for oil paintings, $2,200; to the account for hats, $300. A considerable amount of his indebtedness is for money borrowed, notes, judgments, &c. When "Johnny" took a notion to rent a hotel for a few days he would do so; and whenever he saw anything that pleased his fancy he was bound to have it, regardless of cost. Perhaps no man in the United States ever squandered as much money in the same space of time.—*Pittsburg Commercial, Feb.* 14.

☞ A horse was frightened to death in Omaha recently, by a passing locomotive on the Union Pacific Railroad. It was a fine and apparently healthy animal. The intense fear which it experienced was so great that it fell dead without a struggle.

☞ "I hope, my little daughter," I said one morning, "that you will be able to control your little temper to-day." "Yes, mamma; and I hope you will be able to control your big temper."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE VISION; OR HELL, PURGATORY, AND PARADISE OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by the Rev. HENRY FRANCIS CARY, A. M. With the Life of Dante, Chronological View of his Age, Additional Notes and Index. Illustrated with Twelve Engravings from Designs by John Flaxman, R. A. From the last Corrected London Edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia. The merits of Cary's translation of Dante are universally admitted. Flaxman's outline illustrations are admirable; and the present edition also contains the "Last Portrait of Dante, which was found in the Ancient Chapel of the Podesta at Florence."

SKETCHES BY "BOZ." Containing Fifty-Eight Sketches. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. Illustrated. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE; A Text-Book for Educational Institutions. By THOS. H. HUXLEY, L.L. D., and W. JAY YOUMANS, M. D. With Numerous Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia. The study of Physiology is of the greatest importance, and teachers and School Committees should examine the present work, which would appear to be very suitable for a text book.

WAVERLEY; OR, 'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. By CHARLES DICKENS. Price 25 cents. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

IVANHOE. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Price 25 cents. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

MY SON'S WIFE. By the author of "Caste," "Mr. Arle," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

LEAH'S CONFESSIONS. An Autobiography. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco and New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

A FRENCH COUNTRY FAMILY. By MADAM DE WITT, NEE GUIZOT. Translated by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 819 and 821 Market St., Philadelphia.

THE BROWNLOWS. A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, author of "Agnes," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Co., Philadelphia.

OLD FRITZ AND THE NEW ERA. By L. MUHLBACH, author of "The Empress Josephine," &c. Illustrated. Translated by PETER LANGLEY. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

BARNABY RUDGE. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia. Price 30 cents.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. Price $1.50. *Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.*

THE HERALD OF HEALTH, for February, contains excellent articles on a variety of subjects. Published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

The last poetical effort of Halleck, according to the New York Ledger, was a little epigrammatic quatrain, which he handed to Mr. Fred. S. Cozzens one day. It was written in a lady's album, and is as follows:

"All honor to woman, the sweetheart, the wife,
The delight of the fireside, by night and by day,
Who never does anything wrong in her life,
Except when permitted to have her own way."

From the same authority we have the explanation why John Jacob Astor left Halleck, who was for years his confidential clerk only two hundred dollars a year. Halleck often used to joke Mr. Astor about his accumulating income, and perhaps rather rashly said: "Mr. Astor, of what use is all this money to you? I would be content to live on a couple of hundreds a year for the rest of my life, if I was only sure of it." The old man remembered that, and with a bitter satire reminded Halleck of it in his will.

☞ In the New York Legislature, a bill has been introduced, providing that it shall be unlawful for one first cousin to engage or agree to marry another first cousin of the same consanguinity. Any person violating the proposed law, may be punished by a fine of not more than $1,000, or imprisonment for not longer than one year, or both fine and imprisonment.

☞ In Texas, it is stated that lands are now held at about one-tenth of their value six years ago, and the tendency is still reported to be downward.

☞ SAD IF TRUE.—The family of the late John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, it is reported, are reduced to penury. His library was lately sold, with some other personal property, to satisfy debts, at about $250. Whole shelves of books were knocked down for from $4 to $6 per shelf. The sale of the house and land was then advertised to take place within a short time, but General Canby's order, reserving to every family a house and twenty acres of land, will for the present enable the widow and her children to retain their home.

☞ Grandpa Beecher (Henry Ward) has discovered a new interpretation for Solomon's words, Proverbs xiii. 24, xxii. 15, etc., etc. It is that the *rod* spoken of is a *stick of candy*. He says he tried the rod—the real rod—on his children, and is now trying sugar-plums on grandchildren with eminent success; and family government is rising greatly in popularity.

☞ General Chambers, of Louisville, had a daughter born to him on his seventy-fourth birth-day, and the members of the bar expressed their admiration by presenting her with a silver cup.

☞ As an apple is not in any proper sense an apple until it is ripe—so a human being is not in any proper sense a human being until he is educated.—*Horace Mann.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CONGRESS.—In the U. S. Senate, on the 17th, a memorial was presented from German citizens, asking the abolition of the Presidential office. Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a supplementary Reconstruction bill, providing for the ratification of the new Southern Constitutions by a majority of those actually voting. Mr. Trumbull also introduced a bill, which was referred to the above committee, forbidding the Supreme Court to exercise jurisdiction in any case, civil or criminal, arising out of the Reconstruction acts.

On the 18th, the bill providing for a gradual reduction of the army was taken up and passed.

On the 19th, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill, which was referred, providing for the admission of representatives from Alabama. Mr. Morton, of Indiana, introduced a bill to remove the political disabilities of Governor Holden, of North Carolina. The resolution admitting Philip F. Thomas, Senator elect from Maryland, was considered and rejected, the vote being yeas 21, nays 29.

In the House, on the 18th, Mr. Starkweather, of Conn., introduced a joint resolution appropriating $50,000 for the relief and return to the United States of destitute American citizens who have been imprisoned in foreign countries. The resolution was passed—yeas 114, nays 29. The bill giving $8 per month pension to soldiers of 1812, was also passed.

ATTEMPTED REMOVAL OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.—On the 21st, the President removed Secretary Stanton from the War Department, and appointed Gen. Lorenzo Thomas Secretary *ad interim*. The Senate was notified of the removal, and, in Executive session the same evening, adopted a resolution by an almost strict party vote, declaring that the President has no power to remove the Secretary of War.

On the 22d, Secretary Stanton still occupied the war office, staying in the room all the time, to prevent General Thomas from taking possession.

Stanton sent a note to the House of Representatives, communicating the order of the President, whereupon Mr. Covode, of Pa., offered, as a question of privilege, a resolution for the impeachment of President Johnson, and it was referred to the Reconstruction Committee.

Mr. Stevens, from the Reconstruction Committee, made a report, declaring that the committee "are of opinion that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, ought to be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors."

The report was signed by Messrs. Stevens, Boutwell, Bingham, Hurlbut, Farnsworth, Beaman and Paine, and closed with a resolution "that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors."

On the 21st, Gen. Thomas was arrested at the instance of Secretary Stanton for a violation of the Tenure of Office bill, and held to bail by Judge Carter. Bail $5,000.

Gen. Thomas afterwards called again on Mr. Stanton, and demanded the keys of the war office. Stanton refused. Gen. Grant and others were present, but took no part in the discussion.

IMPORTANT NOMINATIONS.—The President sent to the Senate, on the 21st, the following nominations: George B. McClellan, of Ohio, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to England; James B. Hubbell, of Ohio, to be Minister resident of the Republic of Ecuador; Major General George H. Thomas to be Lieutenant General by brevet, and to be General by brevet; William H. Farley, of California, to be Surveyor General of California.

Major-General George H. Thomas declines the appointment of Lieutenant-General, &c.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the Pennsylvania Senate, on the 18th, a bill was reported, prohibiting turnpike companies from erecting gates in the roadway.

On the 19th, the Free Railroad bill was passed, with an amendment that no railroad corporation shall occupy the streets of any incorporated city or borough without the consent of such. The bill goes back to the House for concurrence in this amendment.

Gov. Geary has signed the bill repealing the charter and confiscating the Gettysburg Asylum lottery property.

THE MCARDLE CASE.—The U. S. Supreme Court has overruled the motion to dismiss the McArdle appeal for want of jurisdiction, and the case will come up for hearing on the 2d of March.

THE TYNG CASE.—It is reported on good authority, that a majority of the Episcopal ecclesiastical court have found that Rev. Mr. Tyng is guilty of a violation of the canon law, and that Bishop Potter has been so notified accordingly. The latter says in due time he will make the fact known. Public admonition is the penalty for the first offence.

RICHMOND.—Judge Underwood, at Richmond, has remanded Churchill Coombs to the custody of the military, deciding that Congress not having yet declared peace, the courts had no right to take prisoners from military custody. The case will be appealed to the Supreme Court.

ALABAMA.—Official returns of the vote in forty-two counties of Alabama have been received at headquarters in Montgomery, but Gen. Meade has forbidden their publication. The whole vote of the state is thought to be over 72,000, or nearly 12,000 less than the required number.

FLORIDA.—The adverse factions of the Florida Convention have united, in accordance with Gen. Meade's recommendation, and re-elected the majority President. Gen. Meade appeared in the convention and expressed his gratification at the result.

GEORGIA.—The Georgia Convention has decided to exempt manufactures and institutions of learning from taxation.

KENTUCKY.—Mr. McCreery has been elected U. S. Senator to succeed Mr. Guthrie, by the Kentucky Legislature.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Governor Bullock has vetoed the bill passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, repealing the State Constabulary law.

THE WEST.—The intelligence from the West is that the Indians are inclined to be pacific, and that there are good prospects of a lasting peace.

NEW JERSEY.—The Legislature has passed joint resolutions withdrawing the ratification of the state of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

MISSISSIPPI.—The Mississippi Convention has adopted a section of the Bill of Rights prohibiting the requirement of a property qualification for jurors.

GENERAL SHERMAN.—At the request of Gen. Sherman, the President has revoked his order appointing Sherman to command the new Military Department of the Atlantic.

INDIANA.—In the Indiana Republican Convention, Governor Baker was nominated for re-election; and resolutions were adopted recommending Grant and Colfax for next President and Vice President.

The resolutions (passed unanimously) take ground for negro suffrage at the South, for each loyal state determining for itself who shall vote (under the Constitution,) against any contraction of the currency, and in favor of paying the national debt with greenbacks, except in those cases where it is expressly stated that gold shall be paid.

NEGRO CONGRESSMEN.—Several leading colored members of the South Carolina Convention have gone to Washington to ascertain the probabilities of a reception of colored Congressmen, and to try whether Congress will grant lands to the negroes.

Foreign Intelligence.

GREAT BRITAIN.—England seems to be throughly frightened by the Fenians. The English government has determined to fortify all its police stations, and has begun with those of London, which are now provided with bullet-proof iron shutters, and stocked with small arms and ammunition.

Mr. Pigot, of the Dublin Irishman, has been convicted of publishing treasonable and seditious libels.

The House of Commons has passed the bill suspending the writ of habeas corpus in Ireland.

The British Ministry is preparing a Reform bill for Ireland.

IRELAND.—Train delivered his first lecture in Dublin on the 20th. It was very poorly attended. The audience was very boisterous, some persons who hissed the speaker were roughly handled, but a strong force of police prevented any serious personal violence or disloyal demonstrations.

FRANCE.—In the French Legislative Chambers the bill for regulating the press is still under discussion.

Seventy persons have been arrested in Paris for political demonstrations at a performance of Hugo's Ruy Blas.

La France asserts that Chevalier Nigra, the Italian Minister has pledged Italy to be faithful observance of the September Convention, and also to the payment of her share of the debt of the former State of the Church.

ITALY.—The dinner to Admiral Farragut was a grand affair. M. Sella, former Minister of Finance, toasted the Admiral, and in a speech said that on iron hearts, and not on iron-clads, was based the fame of Admiral Farragut. The Admiral, in acknowledging the compliment, spoke of his love of Italy, and his confidence in her noble progress.

The Italian Council has decided to pay a portion of the Papal debt.

It is reported in Florence that the Italian Government has detailed a frigate to watch the movements of Farragut's fleet.

PRUSSIA.—Count Von Bismarck proposes to establish at the different ports of Germany boards of federal officers, to examine into the condition of vessels bound to America. The effort to prevent a repetition of the ship Leibnitz horror is the immediate cause of this salutary step on the part of the Government.

Bismarck is so seriously ill that he is not able to leave Berlin.

PORTUGAL.—The political agitation in Portugal continues. The new Government is very unpopular, and tumults are reported in various parts of the country.

CRETE.—Advices from Crete represent that the prospects of the Turks are gloomy, they having been defeated in several engagements of late, with heavy losses.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Private letters from Paraguay, dated January 18th, represent that the prospects of Paraguay continued to improve. Lopez was taking the offensive, and had twice bombarded the Brazilian camp on the Parana with effect.

A new Cabinet has been organized in Peru, and Col. Balta was expected to be the Presidential nominee. It is said that the United States Minister had threatened that the United States would not recognize the new Government.

At last accounts the cholera continued to rage in Buenos Ayres, the deaths numbering from 150 to 180 per day.

The revolt which has broken out in Santa Fe, one of the provinces of the Argentine Republic, has been successful, the ruling government having been overthrown.

HAYTI.—Advices have been received from Hayti, stating that the revolution in the southern part of that island has become general. Gen. Salomon, the present Minister to the European Courts, has been proclaimed President in place of Salnave. All the principal towns are in arms against the government of Salnave.

CHINA.—The Government of China has appointed Mr. Burlingame, formerly United States Minister in Pekin, its special envoy to all the Treaty Powers, and Mr. Burlingame was to leave China in the course of the present month. He is at the head of a large retinue, and it is reported that as soon as any of the Chinese officials who accompany Mr. Burlingame may appear to be fit for regular diplomatic service, they will be appointed Chinese Embassadors to the principal among the foreign countries.

JAPAN.—In Japan, the opening of the new ports in January has led to a very serious revolt. Three of the most powerful Daimios had even seized the person of the young Mikado. The late Tycoon, Stotsbashi, had placed himself at Osaca under the protection of the foreign representatives; but the latter declared that they would observe an absolute neutrality, and Stotsbashi was collecting forces to regain his lost influence.

Admiral Bell, Lieut. Reed, and ten men from the United States ship Hartford were drowned while crossing the Osaka river, in Japan, on the 11th of January.

☞ An egg to-day is worth more than a hen to-morrow.

"Hello."

"Mark Twain" writes from Washington to the Chicago Republican:—

I was standing all by myself in the committee room, reading a vast law book and wondering what it was about, and whether the plaintiff had done so and so, or whether it was the defendant; and which of them they found guilty; and how the mischief they ever knew he was guilty when the words were tangled up so; and noting, with gratification, the references to Perkins v. Bangs, Mo. Rep. iii., &c., whereby it was apparent that if one did not get mixed up enough in that book there were others that could finish him; and wondering also at the bewildering tautology of the said aforesaid book aforesaid, when a youth to fortune and to fame unknown flourished in in the most frisky way, and came to a halt before me. This young man had a moustache that dimmed the lightness of his countenance about as your breath dims the brightness of a razor; and he bored down into it with his fingers and gave it a twist which was singularly gratifying to him, considering that no effect was produced upon the moustache by the operation. He then tilted his little soup-dish to the port side of his head with his gloved hand, and said:

"Hello!"

I said "Hello!"

He looked surprised. Then he said: "Do you belong here?"

I was just finishing a sentence about Perkins v. Bangs. I finished it and observed: "The weather is very fine."

He whisked nervously up and down the room a couple of turns, and then stopped before me and said: "Are you the clerk of the Judiciary Committee?"

I said, in the urbanest manner:

"In view of the circumstance that on so short an acquaintance you betray so much solicitude concerning my business, I will venture to inquire what you may happen to want with the clerk of the Judiciary Committee?"

"That is not answering my question. Are you the clerk of the Judiciary Committee?"

"In view of the circumstance that on so short an acquaintance you betray so much solicitude concerning my business, I will venture to inquire again what you may happen to want with the clerk of the Judiciary Committee?"

"That don't concern anybody but me. What I want to know is, are you, or are you *not*, the clerk of the Judiciary Committee?"

"In view, as I said before, of the circumstance that on so short an acquaintance you betray so much solicitude concerning my business, I will venture to inquire once again what you may happen to *want* with the clerk of the Judiciary Committee."

He scratched his head in apparent perplexity for a matter of five seconds, and then said, with deliberation and impressive earnestness:

"Well, I'll be damned."

"I presume so. I hope so. Still, being a stranger, you cannot expect me to take more than a passing interest in your future plans."

He looked puzzled and a little chafed. He said:

"Look here; who are you?"

"In view of the circumstance—"

"Oh, curse the circumstance!"

"Amen."

He did not reply. He seemed worried and annoyed. Presently he started out and said by George! he would go after the Michigan Senators and inquire into this thing. I said they were esteemed acquaintances of mine, and asked him to say that I was well. But he refused to do this, notwithstanding all my politeness, and was profane again. I never saw such a firebrand as he was.

Now, what can that young fellow mean by going around asking respectable people if they are clerks of Senate Committees? If my feelings are to be outraged in this way I cannot stay in Washington. I don't like to be called Hello by strangers with imaginary moustaches, either. This young party turned out to be an importation from Kalamazoo, and he wished to ship a sub-clerk to the Judiciary Committee.

He is alittle fresh. It might have been better if he had stayed in the Kalamazoological Gardens until he got his growth, perhaps. Still, if his friends would like to have the opinion of a stranger concerning him, I think he will make a success here in one way or another. He has spirit and persistence. The only trouble is that he has most too much "hello" about him.

☞ In dull times a shrewd business man advertises to get rid of his stock; in good times he advertises to notify the public where to find the best assortments; consequently he advertises at all times, and finds that it pays, if he is sure to pay the printer.

☞ At Waterville, Maine, on Tuesday week, as an Irish woman with a child in her arms was stepping from a car as the train started, she fell, and the wheels passed over both her legs. The child fell inside the wheels, and escaped with a scratch or two. It was supposed the woman's legs were hopelessly crushed, but she having on *eight woollen skirts*, but one of them was broken, and both, it is said, will be saved.

☞ A curious case has been decided in France. According to the terms of French law, the child of a widow, if born three hundred days after her husband's death, is considered as legitimate. Madame Mercier, a widow, pleaded for the recognition of her son, born three hundred days and six hours and a half after the decease of her husband. The decision of the court was that the child was illegitimate. This prevents the child from inheriting his share of M. Mercier's property, which he would otherwise have claimed.

☞ A New York paper says that "a young lady from the country, whose only idea of the metropolitan police was gathered from the newspapers, recently came to town on a visit, and found herself at one of the crossings in Broadway. Frightened by the number, rapidity and noise of the vehicles that were passing, she stood hesitating, in great distress, when one of the gallant policemen politely stepped forward to escort her across. But no sooner had he touched her elbow, than with a piercing shriek she shrank from under his hand, cleared the crossing almost at a bound, and exclaimed in terrified accents: 'O sir! it wasn't me! Indeed, indeed, I have been doing nothing!'" We think we know that lady.

Permanent Pictures.

CARBON MEZZOTINTS

FROM LIFE AND COPIES FROM ENGRAVINGS.

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN,

914 CHESTNUT STREET.

Attention is called to the new Carbon Mezzotints just introduced by WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN, Artists, 914 CHESTNUT STREET and 603 BROADWAY, New York.

This new style of portraiture, which is making such a stir in the art abroad, is produced by no other establishment in Philadelphia.

The merits of these pictures are:

ABSOLUTE PERMANENCE.

Being printed with the same material as that used in Steel Engravings, they are free from chemical changes.

SOFTNESS.

They present no such hard lights and intense shadows as are common in the ordinary chemical photographs, but the lights are soft and the shades transparent, as in nature.

FINISH.

From the nature of the materials used in these pictures, they have an artistic finish which is unattainable by the former method of printing.

The public are invited to examine specimens at the only Gallery where these pictures are furnished.

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN,
914 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 10@11¼ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6@7½ cts ₩ lb. 2300 Hogs sold at from $12.50 to 12,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when specks of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar15-cow-tf

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. *Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty* per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. fe122-1y

INVIGORATE the Nerve Fluid and you relieve yourself at once from all such diseases as Neuralgia, Nerve-ache, and others of a nervous tendency. The *standard* remedy is DR. TURNER'S THE DOULOUREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL, which accomplishes this end. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is indeed a blessing to the afflicted; old ulcers and sore legs that have defied every effort to heal are cured to a certainty by the powerful cleansing and healing properties of the salve. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS should be cured, as they surely can be, by a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. feb22-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN H. HIPPLE to Miss ANNA M. BURR, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. GEORGE W. STOKES, of Bucks county, to Miss KATE B. ANDERSON of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. ROBERT COTTINGHAM to Miss ELIZA BELL, both of this city.

On the 21st of Jan., by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. ROBERT CRAWFORD to Miss EMMA DONALDSON, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Robt. H. Pattison, D. D., HARRY B. DERRICKSON to CLARA S., daughter of A. H. Miller, Esq., both of this city.

On the 17th of Sept., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. S. CLAYTON DINSMORE to Miss MARY E. ALLEN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 18th instant, THOMAS B. FOSTER, in his 55th year.

On the 19th instant ROBERT PATTON, in his 42th year.

On the 17th instant, ISAAC WAINWRIGHT, in his 75th year.

On the 17th instant, SARAH E. ROBINSON, aged 58 years.

On the 16th instant, JOSEPH HOUSER, in his 64th year.

On the 16th instant, JULIA BLACKBURN, aged 80 years.

On the 12th instant, PETER G. DISSMAN, aged 52 years.

On the 13th instant, CHARLES CARPENTER, aged 72 years.

On the 14th instant, CATHARINE E. CHANDLER, in her 87th year.

THE SECOND SESSION OF LECTURES in the PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY commences Jan. 1st, 1868. Located, NINTH AND LOCUST.—The above Institution has been thoroughly reorganized, and holds four sessions of lectures each year, embracing ten months of medical instruction. Under the new organization students can enter the College at any time during its session. No previous medical study is required, as all branches of medicine are taught. It has an able corps of professors and teachers, thus furnishing facilities for a regular and thorough medical and surgical education. Perpetual scholarship to the University $75 for first course, and $30 for second course students. W. PAINE, M. D., Dean, nov30-1y UNIVERSITY BUILDING, Philada.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The contents of THE POST shall consist as heretofore of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS, by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Hosmer's story with

TRYING THE WORLD, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Claudia," &c., and

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Rule," &c.

Besides our original stories, we give

The *GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES*, and also the *NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.*

PREMIUMS. Various Premiums, from Pencils to Sewing Machines, including Books, and Silver Plated ware, are given to those getting up Premium Lists. A list of articles, terms, &c., will be sent to any one desirous of getting up a Premium List upon application by letter, inclosing a postage stamp.

The **SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent.

Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the large Premium Steel Engraving of "Washington at Mount Vernon," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in his Library," as he may prefer.

Our **PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.** For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the splendid portrait of Washington, engraved from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred, *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

It will *not* be sent to club subscribers, unless they send one dollar extra.

TERMS. Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs, and the Premium lists, may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving) $2.50.

CLUBS. Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Five (and one gratis) $9; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12; Twenty (and one gratis) $28. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.

Every person getting up either of the above clubs, will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices if desired.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

☞ In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia. If a Post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST are sent on receipt of five cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
310 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

A PRE-ADAMITE MYTH.

I.

Who was Lilith? 'Tis a *Talmud* tale;
Read traditions thereupon, dear Madam,
—She was a beauty weird and pale,
And first wife of Adam!

II.

Faith, she led him a most troublesome life,
And with that colossal heart played many tricks,
Ere he wedded Eve, the quiet wife
Who was *our* progenitrix.

III.

"Well, the meaning of the antique myth?"—
When spring blossoms burst, spring sunshine smileth,
When the unfettered rivulet babbles blithe,
Who has not his Lilith?

IV.

When the intense, imperious impetus,
Makes the young blood boil, the young heart gladden,
Comes the wicked, winsome witch, and thus
Life begins to sadden.

V.

Joyous are the depths of fierce, false eyes—
Joyous life's wild wine, with creamy foam on't—
Joyous all the insane idolatries
Of the maddening moment.

VI.

Never more—nh! never, never more—
Calmly on him the sun of conscience smileth,
Who has sauntered on the sensuous shore,
Lingering with a Lilith!

☞ A REAL YANKEE TRICK.—A young peddler is travelling through Vermont, stopping at farm houses over night. In the morning, when his bill is presented, he astonishes the farmer by asking to "see his license to keep a tavern." Of course it is not produced, and the bill is not paid.

SONG.

I.

The sun was shining on the hills,
And gilding the purple heather,
As you and I were strolling, love,
In summer weather.

The birds were singing in the trees,
The lark sung in the sky;
But, oh! I heeded not their songs,
As they winged by.

For sweeter than the sweetest song
Of bird upon a tree
Was the music of your voice, love,
As you spoke to me.

Blue was the sunny streamlet,
And blue the summer skies;
But bluer, oh, a thousand times,
Were your soft eyes.

Sweet is the breath of wild flowers,
With dewdrops newly wet;
But sweeter was the moment, love,
When our lips met.

Warm is the golden sunlight
On fields that gladly shine;
But warmer was your true heart,
That beat with mine.

II.

The year is growing old, love,
The sun has hid its light;
My life is growing dark, too,
And turning into night.

The flowers bloom no longer,
The birds have hushed their song,
And the music of the streamlet
No longer flows along.

But sweeter than the sweetest song
Of bird upon a tree,
Is the music of your voice, love,
As you speak to me.

Come, love, and sit beside me,
And lay your hand in mine;
Look full into my heart, love,
With those true eyes of thine.

Is there aught changed within it—
Has it grown strange or cold;
And is my strong love dying,
Now that the year is old?

English Photographs.

BY AN AMERICAN.

[We are glad to see that an American traveller is informing John Bull how stupid he is in many matters, in Tinsley's London Magazine. The following is his first article—it will, we hope, do John good:]

In an after-dinner speech one of the wittiest of the party with whom I came to England remarked, "We crossed the Atlantic in a yacht, we arrived at Cowes, and we landed on Christmas Day; and we should advise all our fellow-countrymen to cross in the same way, arrive at the same port, and land on the same day." My friend was perfectly right; this programme could not be improved upon in the least.

Landing, then, at Cowes on Christmas Day, my first impressions of England were most cheerful. Dusk had fallen; the lamps of the little town were all alight; from every house came gleams of Christmas fires and sounds of Christmas merriment; and at the wharf and along the beach were groups of sturdy townsmen and watermen ready to give us a Christmas welcome. To the telegraph-office, to send a message across the seas that we had arrived safe and well; then to the club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron, where a solitary member, passing a lonely Christmas with his little boy, heartily dispensed the hospitalities of the club; and then we were all taken in charge by a genial citizen of Cowes, and driven off to his residence to join a Christmas party.

And this was England! Here we were on English soil, in an English home, with English men, women, and children around us, English sports going on, English songs ringing in our ears, and English cheer cordially pressed upon us, and that, too, on the best of all days in England—on Merrie Christmas. The dream of a busy life was more than realized at last. Safe from the stormy seas, we seemed to be not only on shore but at home. How handsome all the ladies looked! What wonderful children the English boys and girls appeared to be, with their bright, ruddy faces and stout rounded limbs! How jolly and, above all, how comfortable were the large, broad-chested, hearty men, with that queer English accent which contrasted so strangely with our American twang! These first impressions, this feeling of the homeliness and the comfortableness of old England, will never be forgotten. They are experienced, I believe, in a greater or less degree, by almost all Americans when first visiting this country; but, coming as we did, and being received as we were, they are unusually strong and vivid.

After a long night, during which everything was so new, yet so familiar—so strange, yet so congenial—so different from New York life, and life on board the yacht, and yet so thoroughly delightful that it seemed like a pleasant vision,—I left Cowes for London, and began to see the real England. For all the outside world Dickens has created an imaginary England, in which the happy people dance around May-poles in the summer, and feast upon roast beef and plum-pudding in the winter, and in which, although there may be some poor folk, some wicked folk, and some suffering folk, still the large majority of the population are so rosy, so jovial, and so full of good beer and good-nature, that life is a constant succession of enjoyments. Seen by the light of Christmas fires, and through the aromatic steam of Christmas puddings and Christmas grog, as through a fairy fog, the island seemed to justify all the fine things that had been said of it; but it assumed rather a less romantic phase in the cold gray of a cheerless December morning, when I put off to catch the steamer for Southampton. The sun, having kept the previous holiday too well, sullenly refused to shine; the dull leaden light made everything look disagreeable; the fairy fog was succeeded by a chilly, damp, morose mist, that soaked through coats and boots remorselessly; and behold! all the pleasing pictures of the night before were blurred in the mind of the shivering voyager, like photographs taken by an operator afflicted with the ague.

No matter; a short pull and we should be aboard the Southampton boat, and find warmth and refreshment in its comfortable saloons. Of course the boat was to be like an American North river steamer, with its separate cabins for ladies and gentlemen, its smoking-room, its bar-room, its refreshment-room, its soft carpets and luxurious furniture, its attentive waiters, and its warm, ample breakfast. We neared her black hull; the unaccustomed cries of "Ease her!" "Stop her!" greeted our astonished ears; we climbed, were pushed, were dragged up her wet, slippery sides; and instead of the cosy river steamer of America, we found organized, discomfort, and systematic inconvenience. Groups of passengers, as benumbed and as disconsolate as ourselves, were huddled about the sloppy deck. They looked at us mournfully and pityingly, as if they were saying to themselves, "Another victim!" We looked at them and thought, "What horrors must be below, if these experienced natives prefer to suffer on deck!" We anxiously inquired if this were the steamer for Southampton? Yes. The regular steamer? Yes. The only steamer to catch the London train? Yes. These inquiries, uttered in a plaintive tone, to which the cold added an involuntary stutter, were sympathetically answered by a gentleman who had a puddle for a cushion, and a drop of rain for a nose-jewel. "Start her!" cried somebody; "Start her!" echoed somebody else—and off we went.

All the arrangements on board this steamer, as on most other English steamers, were admirably designed to give the utmost possible trouble and discomfort to everybody. Walking up and down in the mist and watching the wet and moody passengers, I noticed that all orders had to be shouted by the pilot to a boy, and by the boy to the helmsman or the engineer. In America the pilot communicates with the engineer by simply pulling a bell once, twice, or thrice, according to the order he wishes to give. On this boat, as on most other English boats, the pilot or captain stalks about in the cold on a bridge between the paddleboxes, and the helmsman stands shivering at the wheel, exposed to rain, or snow, or hail. In America both pilot and steersman are under cover, in a little glass room placed near the bow of the boat and commanding a clear view of the course. Such simple conveniences as a bell and a shelter from the weather, have not yet suggested themselves to the managers of English steamers. The whole service is a quarter of a century behind the age. Every effort is made, apparently, to subject the sailors to unnecessary exposure and fatigue, and to render the passengers miserable. The cabins are small, close, uncomfortably furnished, and either insufferably hot or terribly cold. Unless the weather be so fine that pacing the deck is pleasant, it is impossible to pass one agreeable moment on any of these craft. What we experienced on the Southampton steamer I have since endured on many other English vessels, and notably upon the line between Dover and Calais. The accommodations on the best of the English passenger-boats are not equal to those of a second-class American tug-boat. The system is a disgrace to a maratime nation.

In America, for a service like that between Cowes and Southampton, instead of these slow, black, dirty vessels, with their exposed decks, their choky cabins, and their cumbrous machinery of a captain, pilot, helmsman, and intermediate boy, all shuffling about in every sort of weather, and sharing with the poor, passengers the discomforts of an open-air voyage, we should have a trim, neat, fast steamer, the decks covered with awnings in summer, the cabins large, handsome, and elegantly furnished, the boys employed to wait upon the passengers, instead of serving as human speaking-trumpets or animated bell-pulls, and all the arrangements so contrived as to lighten the labors of the crew, and make the trip a pleasure instead of a purgatory for the passengers. What reason is there that boats of this kind should not be adopted in England? On the line between Folkestone and Boulogne some enterprizing genius has discovered that it is not necessary for a pilot to face a hailstorm or a gale in order to direct the boat properly, and has erected a shield of a couple of planks, with a pane of glass in each plank, so that the pilot may shelter himself behind them and yet see his way into port. The erection of these planks is not a very revolutionary proceeding; the enterprising genius has never got beyond the planks, and suggested that, by extending the shield so as to form a room, and then covering it with a roof, the pilot would be more perfectly protected and could see just as well; but, such as it is, the invention is looked upon as a dangerous innovation, no other line has been weak enough to imitate it, and the pilot takes advantage of it clandestinely, if at all, evidently considering that a true British sailor ought to do his work better when he is benumbed with cold, drenched with rain, and blinded with hailstones.

It may as well be mentioned here, that the same wholly unnecessary exposure of the men prevails upon the English locomotives. In America, the part of the engine where the drivers and firemen stand is cased in with glass and comfortably roofed. The men are kept warm by the furnaces, they are protected from the weather, and they are able to see quite as clearly as if they were in the open air. The mammoth American locomotive at the Paris Exposition showed this contrivance splendidly. Is there any reason why the English drivers, like the English pilots, should be left out in the cold? Can they run the trains any more safely because the snow is whirling in their faces, or the rain beating down upon their heads? What is gained by keeping them uncomfortable? Their health is endangered, their lives are shortened, their occupation—not particularly enjoyable at the best—is rendered more unpleasant than it need be, and all for no other earthly reason than the tardiness of the English mind to conceive or adopt a sensible idea. I am very fond of riding upon locomotives, and of talking with engine-drivers, and have often asked the men why they are not under cover in the American style. "Well, sir," was the reply, "it never has been done, sir, and we get along pretty well as we are." Behold the grand British arguments against all reforms: "It never has been done—" "We get along pretty well as we are!" Repeated in a thousand forms, adapted to a thousand subjects, these are the responses which meet one at every turn in England, and stop the way against every improvement for a while. In almost the same words, and with invariably the same ideas, the ignorant and the intelligent, the uneducated and the enlightened, oppose everything that is new, regarding all novelties with stupid suspicion or stubborn hostility.

Arrived at length at Southampton, we were directed to the omnibuses on the wharf which carried London passengers to the railway station. After a drive of about a minute, the omnibus halted, and we were made acquainted with another beautiful British institution. A man came up to collect toll from the passengers for the privilege of using the wharf. There was so much to pay for each person, so much more for each trunk or portmanteau, so much more for each bundle, amounting to a few pence in all, but necessitating ten minutes' detention, dreadful squabbles about change, and long arguments over the proper prices for the various articles of luggage. Quite characteristically, one of the Americans in the omnibus took a handful of silver from his pocket, and offered to pay for the entire party if the toll-collector would only allow the 'bus to proceed. This novel proposition rather delayed than facilitated matters; for the collector was utterly unable to comprehend it, and the other passengers protested emphatically against it. In fact, a dispute about the toll appeared to be an indispensable part of the ceremony of entering Southampton, and all parties were indignant at any suggestion which tended to cut that ceremony short. Obviously, it had never occurred to the steamboat company to make a contract with the company which owned the wharf, by which all passengers should pass free with their luggage, adding, if necessary, a trifle to the steamboat fare to cover the cost of the contract. As obviously, the managers of the omnibus company had never thought of paying the toll for all their passengers in a lump, and charging a penny additional fare. Either of these plans would have saved trouble; and there is nothing which a genuine Briton so thoroughly enjoys as trouble about money, especially when it takes the form of a dispute over a half-penny. The numerous Chancery suits are only another phase of this national idiosyncrasy.

At Southampton I saw for the first time an English railway train. The conclusions then formed have since been endorsed by observations in all parts of the kingdom, and attentive perusals of the reports of railway companies in the Times. That the English railways do not pay the stockholders is not at all surprising. The system is expressly contrived to waste as much money as possible. Against the first-class carriages there is nothing to be said. They are the acme of comfort, and are being adopted all over the world. If a passenger be willing to pay more money for first-class accommodations, he ought to be able to have them. This principle, universally accepted elsewhere, is now being admitted in America; and first-class carriages of the English fashion are being introduced upon many of the railways. But why should the second and third class carriages in England be similar in form to those of the first class, the only real difference being in the upholstering? Why should not the American style of cars be adopted for the second and third class? Look at the saving in room, and consequently in the running expenses and in the wear and tear. Why, too, should not the first-class carriages be filled as they are on the Continent? If every seat in every compartment were occupied, an English first-class carriage would comfortably accommodate, say, twenty-four passengers. An American carriage of the same size would accommodate fifty or sixty. But as a matter of fact, the first-class carriages are never full in England. Three or four persons are in one compartment, two in another, and a solitary traveller, who has bribed the guard heavily, has an undisturbed monopoly of a third. Thus, without a penny of advantage to the company, a carriage which ought to convey twenty-four persons is dragged over the line for the convenience of six or seven people. You only pay for the right to a single seat; but give half-a-crown to the guard, and you will secure the whole compartment of six or eight seats.

The same waste of space, of locomotive power, and of the wear and tear of the line, is observable in the second and third class vehicles, but not to the same extent. But even when the second and third class carriages are filled, they hold about half the number of people that could be seated in an American car of the same size and weight. Then there are no sleeping-cars, and of course every passenger secures as many seats as possible when travelling by night, so that he can lie down, or at least stretch out his legs. The guard, ever ready to assist the passengers to swindle the company, will furnish you, for a shilling, with a pair of sticks, and will show you how to place them across the seats, and cover them with a cushion, so as to extemporize a bed. Only two persons can occupy a compartment in this way, when there are really seats for six or eight, and so additional cars have to be put on at the various stations. But what does that matter to the guard, who has secured his shillings? Through these leaks much of the earnings of the railway companies runs away. Then, on account of the absurd want of system in regard to luggage, more expenses are incurred. At every station there is an army of uninformed porters, all useless and costly. On some lines, baggage is registered upon the continental plan, with expensive printed checks and labels, a man to make out the checks, another to weigh the luggage, and another to paste the labels, and Heaven knows how many to stand about and look on, and receive sixpences from passengers for these labors. The money given by passengers to these porters would relieve the railway companies from half their embarrassments if it could be collected for a year. In America, there are two copper checks, numbered, for each trunk. One of these checks is strapped to the trunk; the other, with the corresponding number, is given to the passenger. That is the whole system. One baggage-master suffices for a station; all that the porter has to do is to put the trunks in the luggage-van, and he expects no fee for that. Once checked, your luggage is all right. Nobody can get it except yourself, unless you lose your check. It will remain at the depot at which you arrive until you call or send for it. An express agent will take your check in the cars, and forward the luggage to any hotel or residence, if you please. Why is this system not adopted in England? What objections to it are there? It costs nothing, it saves expense, it dispenses with hosts of porters, it is so safe that lost luggage is as rare as a black swan in America, and it is so simple that it can be put into operation at a day's notice on any line. Ah! I forget. There are the usual British objections: "It never has been done, sir; and we get on pretty well as we are." How sensible and how English!

A LONDON LYRIC.

The wind is shrill on the hills, and the culver
Wheels up and down with a windy gleam;
The birch has unloosened her locks of silver,
And shaken them down on the pools of the stream;—
Yet here I linger in London city,
Thinking of meadows where I was born,—
And over the tiles, with her haunting pity,
Glimmers the Moon, with her dripping horn.

O Moon, pale siren, with wild eyes drinking
The light of the sun as he sweepeth by,
I am looking straight in those eyes, and thinking
Of one who has loved you longer than I;
I am asking my heart if you pity or cherish
The souls that you witch with a harvest call,—
If the dream must die when the Dreamer perish,—
If it be idle to dream at all.

The waves of the city roll hither and thither,
The tumult deepens, the days go by,
The dead men vanish,—we know not whither,
The live men anguish,—we know not why;
The cry of the stricken is smothered never,
The shadow passes from street to street;
And—overhead, for ever and ever,
Goes the still white gleam of thy constant feet.

The hard men struggle, the students ponder,
The world rolls round on its westward way;
The gleam of thy beautiful night up yonder
Is pale on the dreamer's cheek all day;
The old earth's voice is a sound of weeping,
All round her shores the waters cry;
There is no calm and there is no sleeping,
But thy still white presence goes nightly by.

Another summer, new hopes departed,
Yet here we are lingering, you and I,
I on the earth, with my hope proud-hearted,
You, through the silence of stars, in the sky!
You are there! I am here! and the reaping and sowing
Of the year of harvest is over and done,
And the hoary snow-drift will soon be blowing
Under the wheels of the whirling sun.

White tower and turret lie silvered under,
When eyes are closed and the lips are dumb,
In the nightly pause of the human wonder,
From dusky portals, I see thee come;
And whose wakes, and beholds thee yonder,
Is witched by thee till his days shall cease;
For over his eyes, whereesoever he wander,
Dwelleth the vision of God's white peace!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Adventures of a Dressing-Gown.

A lady was anxious to make her husband a present on the occasion of his birthday, and it happening to fall in winter she thought a dressing-gown would be a most useful acquisition to his domestic comforts. So she went and purchased a fine Persian-pattern merino one, well wadded. Not remembering the exact height of her husband, she thought it best to purchase one rather too long than too short, to make sure of its usefulness. The day was wet, her husband returned in the afternoon, and she presented him with the new article of comfort; and he fancied it indeed a great comfort after he had put off his wet garments. But it was about ten inches too long.

"Oh! never mind," said the affectionate wife, "I can easily shorten it to suit you."

They had a party in the evening, and were very merry; and every one of their friends admired the beautiful dressing-gown. After they had gone to bed the wind and rain made such a noise that the wife could not sleep; her husband, however, snored musically. She arose without disturbing him—took the dressing-gown and commenced her work, cutting off about the length of ten inches to make it suit her husband's stature, and then went to bed again. In the morning she was up early to make some arrangements with her housekeeper, as several friends were expected to dinner that day. Scarcely had the lady left the room when her sister—a good-natured, elderly lady, who lived with them—stepped in on tip-toe, in order not to disturb the sleeper, took the dressing-gown, and, hastening to her own room, cut off about ten inches, as she knew it was too long for him the night before. An hour after the gentleman awoke, and was now anxious to surprise his affectionate wife. Ringing for the servant, he was told to take the dressing-gown to a tailor and have it made shorter by ten inches. The good wife was detained longer than she expected; and scarcely had the dressing-gown returned from the tailors, when she came in the room. Her husband had just risen, and proposed now to surprise his wife and enjoy his comfort. But how surprised was his better half to see her husband in a fine Persian-pattern merino shooting-jacket instead of a comfortable dressing-gown!

☞ "Your handwriting is very bad, indeed," said a gentleman to a young college friend, who was more addicted to boating and cricketing than to hard study; "you really ought to learn to write better." "Ay, ay," returned the young man, "it is all very well for you to tell me that; but if I were to write better, people would be finding out how I spell."

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

O, the weary, solemn silence
Of the house without the children!
O the strange oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepers
For the soft arms of the children;
Ah! the longing for the faces
Peeping through the opening door—
Faces gone for evermore!

Strange it is to wake at midnight
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning;
And the gaiters—ah! their patter,
We shall hear it never more
On our hearth-forsaken floor!

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without its sunshine;
Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the Lambs have "gone before,"
With the Shepherd evermore.

Gray Hair.

It has been so long since I have seen a gray-headed woman, that I did not realize the possibility of such a thing until, all at once, my own hair revealed itself a case in point. All my life I have made my toilet before the glass, more as a habit than to see how I looked. It was evermore some picture of a hope or a sorrow that met my view, but, as thread after thread of silver was added to my hair, I found myself making an observation. Lifting up a side look, the signs of gray were unmistakable, and it was not long before one friend and another, jealous of my good looks, suggested different remedies. One went so far as to present me with a bottle of the most approved hair restorer; and I was obliging enough to attempt its use. The hair, I must admit, changed its hue, but that was not all. The skin of my head exhibited an appearance as if it had been peppered, and the peculiarity soon extended to the forehead. My cheek bones, which are rather prominent, were rendered more conspicuous by little patches of blackened pores that looked precisely as if I had a dirty face. I remembered to have observed the peculiarity in other faces. When I met acquaintances on the street and elsewhere, I found myself looking out for the signs of dye, and got so I kept my veil down, not liking scrutiny myself. My hands and finger nails were alike dingy, especially my nails. I tried soap and water, but they only set the dye. A chemist suggested borax, and the result was the new bronze, as shining as varnish. My complexion had never been fair, but it was smooth and free from blemish—and here I made another observation. The hair restorer was advertised to be stainless, and free from all disagreeable odor, but I noticed that, when I opened my comb drawer, there was a very perceptible smell of sulphur escaped—my pillow had a similar odor, and my hands—and in a crowded room I felt nervous, lest the person seated behind me, or at my side, would detect the smell of sulphur also.

At this point I grew desperate, for if I have a sense strong to a fault, it is that of smell, and sleeping and waking, at home and abroad, I carried the annoyance with me. Here, too, I took another survey of my hair in the strongest light. It was motley in color, and had no more lustre than dead corn silk. The gray was changed!—not "A sea change to something rich and strange."

It was brown, sandy, and carrot-colored, with a tinge of purple, and what had been black was the dead corn silk hue aforesaid. And my hands! had the stickiest, nastiest feeling as if covered with greasy buckwheat. The upshot of these observations was, pitching the bottle of Eureka, or Heimstreet, or Allen, or whatever it was, into the street, fumigating the comb drawer, refurnishing it, and cutting off my hair, I view with unmixed delight the young growth of even black and white.

My experience has led me to dwell thoughtfully upon the subject of gray hair, and growing old in general. Why is it people have such a nervous dread of old age? Grandmothers are ma Smiths and ma Browns, and even the children, now-a-days, have a horror of gray hair. One of their tasks is pulling it out—the use of tweezers deepening wrinkles. I must own my determination to let nature take its course was terribly shaken when my bright-eyed little god-daughter said, "What makes you let your hair be gray; I can't like people with gray heads." How different from the lovely picture of a summer afternoon—the gray-haired sire with his grandchild asleep upon his breast.

Again in my efforts to amuse and entertain children, I have often been called upon to repeat the story of Bald-head. One evening, after moralizing as usual, of the wickedness of those young Israelites, the least one of my hearers exclaimed, "Why didn't old Baldy wear a wig then?"

Looking around a fashionable church lately, I observed but two gray-headed females in the congregation, and one was an English-woman, the other a Canadian. There were plenty of wrinkles—and sunken, faded eyes—and blanched faces, but never a halo of gray hair to soften the touch of Time's rough fingers. There was no blossoming for the tomb of these mothers in Israel—it was staving off Death and holding on to youth with trembling hands.

It is our duty to look as well as possible in the world, but all ages have their boundaries, and any attempt to overstep them is like walking backwards—one is sure to stumble.

When I was a child, I sat in church just where two extremes of life met my eye, as I looked at the preacher. One was a child, who had golden curls framing in a face exquisitely fair—brown eyes, and lips apart, a glimpse of snowy teeth between; the other was an old lady with white neckerchief pinned closely around her throat, a soft double plaiting of lace in her bonnet, and a face—can I describe it? Blue eyes, large and beautiful lips, firm and sweet, a smooth low brow; and the hair, half gray, and wavy, shading it all, like a subdued back-ground to the picture of a saint. The repose of the whole figure I cannot describe; and, with my eyes alternately between the spring and the winter of life, I did not need pictured saint or sculptured cherub to assist my devotions.

Those two faces somehow are inseparably associated with early religious impressions. And there is another face now illuminated in glory—it was an illustration of grace here—that comes up before my mind—but I am writing simply of gray hair, and have wandered off to visions of my youth.

Youth is lovely, but is there not a glory in old age far exceeding? Let me for one accept its first confirmation in the laying on of snowy fingers—accept it with a prayer that I may so improve the failing years as to be respectable in old age. LAURA REAM.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE "SEVEN SISTERS."

When Valentine Blake, after seven miles of severe mountain-work, during which he had never ceased to run, came in sight of peaceful Wallowdale, he gave himself a moment's pause. The secluded valley was a *cul-de-sac*, furnished with only one exit, which, however, was available for wheeled conveyances. The Seven Gigantic Sisters, with their mighty boles and far-spreading layers of shade, would have been striking object anywhere, but in that comparatively treeless district they attracted many visitors; and even now there was a pair-horse vehicle standing opposite, and in what might be called the gate of the valley, which was very probably in waiting for its sight-seeing tenants, who had got out in order to examine the Umbrageous Wonder, which stood in the centre, upon a steep knoll, or "howe." But there were two circumstances which militated against this supposition, although they might have failed to do so to a mind not quickened by suspicion. In the first place, the vehicle was not the open car peculiar to the district, and which would certainly have been used by tourists upon so fine a day; in the second place, there was a portmanteau fastened behind it, which considering that Wallowdale was the final object of all Visitors, and that the Seven Sisters was not an inn where you could sleep, was a very singular and unaccountable fact indeed. No sooner did Valentine's quick eye light upon this article, than he draw back from his exposed position on the brow of the hill, and proceeded to make the circuit of the valley, so as to get between the carriage and its only possible means of exit; otherwise, had his presence been distasteful to whomsoever might be on the howe in question, they had only to mount and drive away, in order to escape him. Upon reaching the vehicle, he found the post-boy, who was sitting on the turf beside it smoking a short pipe, was quite unknown to him, a circumstance which struck him as peculiar, for he was by this time well acquainted by sight with all the drivers usually employed by inn-keepers in that neighborhood; neither had he ever before seen the post-chaise (a species of conveyance uncommon enough even in those out-of-the-way parts.) But the portmanteau, on the other hand, he recognized at once, for it was placed (for a wonder) with the right side uppermost, and displayed the initials (B. W.) of his hopeful pupil.

"You have come a long way, my man," observed the tutor, pointing to the horses, that, splashed and travel-stained, were ruminating in their nose-bags with drooping ears.

"Ay you may say that," rejoined the man, staring at Valentine's bare head; "though I didn't come so fast as to lose my hat. And it's a main long way to go back again, too, to the railway station."

"Perhaps I shall save you that journey," was Valentine's inward thought, but the only remark he made was,

"That's true, my man," as, with a good-natured nod, he took his way to the howe. He judged it better to find out for himself what mischief was brewing, rather than to awaken suspicion in the post-boy, who it was evident, was quite innocent of any wrong-doing that might be intended. As he climbed the steep upon which stood the Sable Seven, he saw no sign of any present occupants of the place, although fragments of glass and bits of broken plate were plentiful, telling of recent picnic-parties held beneath the grateful shade. Even when he reached the top of the little hill, and stood in the dusky centre of the ring of trees, he at first saw nothing, but he heard a short, sharp scream, and a voice, which apprehension and anxiety had not so disguised but that he recognized it at once, cry: "Mr. Blake!"

In deep black, which she had put on at her mother's request that morning, in respect for the sad ceremony which was taking place at Sandalthwaite, sat Lucy Wilson, close beside him, but half-hidden by one of the funereal trees. She was in the act of endeavoring to draw down a thick veil over her pale and frightened features, as though her exclamation had not already betrayed her; a characteristic action enough, the simplicity of which would, under less serious circumstances, have provoked a smile: as it was, however, it touched Valentine to the quick. What a childlike, guileless girl was this, and what a heartless scoundrel must that man be who could plot against such innocence and beauty!

Rising hastily, she threw towards him an embarrassed glance; then looked to left and right, as if in hopes of the coming of some other person, to relieve her from the task of explaining matters.

"It was not *I* whom you expected to see here, Miss Wilson," said the tutor, gravely; "and, on the other hand, you are the very last person, whom, an hour ago, I should have looked to find at the Seven Sisters. Your mother, whom I have just met at church, told me you were suffering from brow-ague, and too ill to stir abroad."

"Don't answer him, Lucy.—What is that to you, sir?" exclaimed the rough and angry voice of Bentinck Woodford, as that young gentleman suddenly presented himself before them. Why do you play the spy on folks in this way, and pry into matters which concern you not? You had better go home, Mr. Blake, the way you came—if you wish to keep a whole skin."

"No, sir; I shall go home by the road," replied the tutor, sternly; "and with this lady in my company."

"You will, will you?" cried the young man, bitterly, and using a frightful imprecation. "We shall soon see that. We are no longer pupil and tutor, remember. I have done with all that, and am a married man.—Am I not, Lucy?"

One swift glance at the girl's bewildered face, and before she could muster words to speak, Valentine had read her answer.

"Well did your father call you 'liar,' Bentinck Woodford," exclaimed he. "And worse than that, you would teach others to lie."

"Well, if I'm not married, I am going to be to-day," returned Bentinck, sullenly.

"Where?" asked Valentine, fixing his eyes steadily upon the blushing girl. "Where has this man promised to marry you, Lucy? I will lay my life that he is deceiving you."

"No, sir; no," answered Lucy, eagerly. "Bentinck would never deceive me. We are to be married at—"

"Hold your tongue, Lucy!" broke in the bridegroom-expectant with angry vehemence. "If Mr. Blake has anything to say, let him speak to *me*—like a man."

"Like a man!" repeated Valentine, contemptuously. "There is nothing manly in your nature, Bentinck Woodford, besides your thews and sinews, you bully and false coward.—And you would leave your father and your mother, Lucy, to put your trust in one like this. Look now, and if you are not blinded by foolish passion, tell me if he shows like an honest man."

Mad with rage, his black eyes flashing flame, the young desperado dashed at his tutor like a wild beast; but Valentine, stepping on one side to avoid his rush, griped him with iron knuckles inside his neckcloth, and so held him, as the blue-coated guardian of the law holds some burly ruffian, full of fight, but not unapprehensive of immediate suffocation.

"Don't hurt him—don't hurt him, Mr. Blake," cried Lucy, terrified at the terrible look in the tutor's face. "I will go home with you—I will indeed—if you will let Bentinck go."

"Do you hear her?" asked Valentine, sternly. "If I let you go, you worthless dog, will you cease to molest this unhappy child? But there—what is the use of a promise from a scoundrel? Be off with you; or if I take you by the throat again, I'll squeeze it somewhat harder."

Bentinck, half throttled by the tutor's gripe, and with his fierce face a shade blacker than usual, staggered back for a few paces, and thrust his hand into his coat-pocket.

Valentine clenched his fist, fully expecting to see him draw out a clasp-knife; but he only produced a dog-whistle, and blew upon it shrilly with what breath his late antagonist had left to him.

"*Whatever happens now, you fool,*" *cried* the young ruffian, *savagely*, "you have brought upon yourself with your cursed meddling. See, yonder comes one who will squeeze *your* throat for you, and that to some purpose. You shall not tell tales of us after we're gone."

Valentine cast a glance in the direction indicated by his pupil, and beheld Miles Ripson hurrying across the little valley.

"Flee, Mr. Blake, flee; they will hurt you!" exclaimed Lucy, clasping her hands.

"No, no; we shan't hurt him particularly," returned Bentinck, with a sneer; "that is, unless he's obstinate.—Here, Miles; I want you just to help gag and bind this gentleman, and leave him here for the next picnic-party to untie him. That will be doing no great harm."

Valentine was turning over in his mind whether it would not be better to run over to the carriage, and enlist the post-boy on his side, by threatening him with the terrors of the law, rather than enter upon so unequal a combat as now awaited him; but his nature revolted from turning his back upon any foe, however superior in strength; and while he debated within himself, Miles had gained the top of the hill, and the alternative was no longer presented. There was an indecision in the miner's features (although their expression was far from friendly) which gave the tutor an assurance that he was not so desperately bent upon the matter in hand as his young confederate, and some hope that he would prove less deaf to reason, or, at all events, less reckless of consequences.

"I call you to witness, Miles Ripson," said he, stepping close to Lucy, so as to stand between her and them, "that I am here to prevent the abduction of this young lady by that graceless lad; and that she has asked me to take her home to her father and mother.—Is it not so, Miss Wilson?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Blake, I see I was wrong, and I *am* so frightened.—I had much rather go back to Sandalthwaite, I had indeed, Bentinck. Let us wait—I am sure Mr. Woodford will give way at last if you will only have patience—and let us be married at the parish church instead of Gretna."

"At Gretna!" ejaculated Valentine. "Why, there are no marriages at Gretna now, my poor girl. This scoundrel only seeks your ruin."

"I always told you from the first, Master Ben, that this was a bad business," observed Ripson, sullenly. "For my part, I see no good as can come of it, but only a deal of risk."

"Yes, and not only to himself," urged Valentine, "but to all concerned in such a disgraceful outrage."

"Come, we've had enough of this," exclaimed Bentinck, menacingly. "If you don't help me here, Miles, by Heaven, I'll tell what I know about you and the wad!"

"Never mind him, Ripson," answered the tutor; "I will bear you harmless concerning that matter, about which I have long ago known enough to do you an ill turn, had I been so inclined."

"Then George Adams must have been telling you his lies," returned Ripson sharply, with a malevolent glance at Valentine. "You're a friend of *his*, are you, mister?"

"Yes, that he is, Miles," cried Bentinck; "they're as thick as thieves those two. Now look you: Lucy here wants to make a runaway match of it with me—and small blame to her, living the dull life she leads—and I've sworn to marry her and make a lady of her, and here's this dashed fellow putting in his oar, and spoiling all; just as George Adams would do in your case, if he dared. I daresay we owe it to him, eaves-dropping and spying about, that this gentleman is here at all."

"Is that true?" asked Miles, knitting the black brows which Time had only just begun to grizzle, and speaking in tones hoarser even than usual.

"Yes, it is true," answered Valentine haughtily. "He is not quite such a scoundrel as to suffer an innocent girl to be deceived by this selfish young ruffian, from any fear of what you or any other man can do him."

"Very good," said Ripson between his teeth. "I'm your man then, Master Ben;" and exchanging one rapid glance with one another, both Miles and Bentinck rushed at Valentine at the same instant. Flight, if such an idea had entered the tutor's mind (which it had not), was now impossible, and he did but shift his position, so as to get his back to one of the giant trees. The wad-miner, confident in himself, and without experience of Valentine's strength and agility, ran in upon him, with the intention of grappling anywhere, certain that before he could be thrown, no matter what the disadvantage of his hold, his ally would have come to his aid; but the tutor, whose physical accomplishments included the Art of Self-defence, treated him with two such tremendous "facers," that Miles drew back, shaking his gory face like a bull whom a stone has taken between the horns, and astonished greatly, although by no means put *hors de combat*. But Bentinck, much more wary, kept at a little distance, seeking to entice the enemy from his place of vantage; and well for him that he did so, for Valentine perceiving that he could not long maintain so unequal a fight, had determined within himself to be restrained by no false clemency, but to strike, and strike hard, where the danger to the poor girl alone lay, namely, in his pupil. If he could once cripple that young scoundrel, it was evident—since Miles was by no means eager to carry out the scheme of his young master—that the plot would miscarry. Nor did he cease to adjure Lucy by the love and duty she owed to her parents, and as she valued her own good fame, to seize the opportunity of his keeping these men in check to save herself by flight. But the unhappy girl, although by no means weak in body, notwithstanding that she had come over the hills from Sandalthwaite, as Valentine and Bentinck had done (although all three by different routes), was so prostrated by mental fears that she was quite incapable of doing his bidding, and could only kneel down on the mossy ground, sobbing aloud, and hiding her eyes with her hands, to shut out the sight of the already not bloodless strife. This was indeed growing very serious. Miles, smarting with the blows he had received, was now become at least as reckless as his young confederate, and as eager for revenge; while every moment of delay thus interposed between Bentinck and his desperate purpose exasperated the self-willed lad more and more.

Valentine knew that it would go hard with him if once they got him down, but the fate which would in that case await the terrified girl, already repenting of her imprudence, affected him still more: he was quite prepared to part with life itself, if it were necessary, for her sake, and to sell it very dearly. Yet even with these considerations pressing upon his mind, and in the tumult and heat of combat, he could not help observing the remarkable similitude in the countenances of his two foes, lit up as they were with the same passion, and set upon the same vengeful object. The resemblance was so striking, that were it not for the difference of years, Miles Ripson and Valentine's pupil might very well have been twin-brothers. So long as the struggle was undecided, the advantage, as the tutor was well aware, remained with himself, for he was gaining time; and time, if he could only gain enough of it, was certain to bring him aid. Long before this, the absence of Bentinck and Lucy from Sandalthwaite must have been discovered, and the coincidence of their pretended indisposition have put suspicion on the right track; while the evidence of the boy-messenger was a link that would lead the pursuit to Wallowdale itself. Although his two assailants were not of course cognizant of the last fact, they were quite conscious of the necessity for immediate action; and after a whispered consultation, in which Bentinck seemed to take the part of generalissimo, and his senior that of lieutenant, the combined forces moved once more to the attack. Instead of approaching him in front, as before, they executed a flank movement, each advancing upon him from opposite sides, and at exactly the same distance, so that, in case of his assaulting one, he must needs turn his back upon the other. This stratagem, as Valentine foresaw, would be fatal to him; but mindful of which enemy it was of the most importance to secure, and once more calling loudly to Lucy to flee while she had yet an opportunity to do so, he made a feint of striking at Ripson, and then threw himself with all his force upon Bentinck, and bore him heavily to the ground, without much minding if he should chance to hurt him. But the turf was soft, and the young giant's limbs were of iron; and the next moment a heavy weight was hurled upon his own frame, and he felt the fingers of the wad-miner tightening around his throat with a gradual malignity, worse than any mere gripe of passion, and which Valentine, sick at heart (for who does not love his life?), felt at once meant nothing less than Murder.

"Squeeze him tight, Miles," gasped Bentinck from beneath, "as he threatened to squeeze me a while ago."

"I'm a-doin' on it," responded the other grimly: "he won't tell no tales of either you or me a—"

Here the calmness and deliberation of Mr. Ripson's speech was marred by a most violent exclamation.

"Thousand devils!" cried he, "here's George Adams!"

"Yes; and just in time to prevent you making the thousand-and-oneth, you murdering scoundrel!" cried a deep determined voice. "Get off, get off, I say. Now lie there quiet, or you are a dead man. Mr. Bentinck, if you do not let go of Mr. Blake's neckcloth, by the sun in Heaven, I'll set my hob-nailed shoe upon your mouth! If you have helped to murder him, you shall swing for it, along with this villain here, though you are three times my master's son. Mr. Valentine, for God's sake, speak to me, and let me know you are alive."

The tutor uttered a faint groan.

"Miss Lucy, run for water," continued George, "or there will be blood upon your head too. There is a spring to the right yonder. Stop; first undo his cravat. I will answer for these ruffians; if either of them so much as stirs, so help me Heaven, I will brain him with this hatchet!"

Armed with this weapon, George Adams was indeed complete master of the situation, and both his foes were at his mercy. Perhaps, when the first disappointment of baffled rage had passed by, they were scarcely less relieved than the Manager himself to see Valentine open his eyes and breathe heavily once or twice, as Lucy Wilson, still weeping bitterly, but roused to usefulness by the extreme necessity of the case, applied the water to his forehead.

"I was almost gone, George," whispered he presently; "I owe you my life. And this unhappy lad here, he owes you far more."

"I never meant to do you any harm," returned Bentinck sullenly.

"Nor I," said Ripson with selfish eagerness. "It was no business of mine at all. Did you not hear the Squire's son say 'Squeeze him tight?' and I only did what I was bid."

"You were always a mean skunk, Miles," observed George contemptuously; "but the longer you live, it seems to me the baser you get."

"Don't *you* talk so glib about folks being base and mean," retorted the wad-miner, "for if the truth were told—"

"We want no tale-bearing here," interrupted Valentine with sudden energy. "Get to your feet, and be off, sir; and you, Bentinck, go home at once. I shall say nothing of the violence that has been used to me, not for your own sakes—for you both richly deserve punishment—but for the sake of this unhappy girl: there will be scandal enough about her as it is. If your selfish heart, boy, is capable of feeling for others, it should be wrung with the thought of the wretchedness you have entailed upon your victim, and of the ruin which you so basely designed for her. The very sight of you—now that she has beheld you in your true colors—has, I am glad to see, become loathsome to her; she will never more take the hand of a would-be murderer within her own. Is it not so, Lucy?"

"O yes, yes. Let them go, let them go away," cried the shuddering girl. "You have been my friend in spite of myself. Mr. Blake, and God bless you for it. But I can never return to my father's house, or meet his look again."

"Yes, you will," answered Valentine cheerfully, as the two scoundrels slunk sullenly away. "Your return will be the best reparation you can offer for the wrong you have done them. Come; you are not in a state to walk so far—and besides, we should probably meet half the parish coming over the hills to look after you; so we will drive home together—in the carriage that was intended for a much more perilous journey. Thank George here—thank him, my poor girl, for having prevented that, for you have never before had such cause to thank any mortal man."

"I *do* thank him," cried she, taking both the Manager's hands in hers; "and I thank *you*, sir, too with my whole heart; and above all, I thank God, who has been so much more merciful to me than I deserved—O Evelyn, Evelyn," cried the wretched girl in an agony of penitent sorrow, "how foolish and wicked have I been, to despise your warnings, and deceive you so!"

Judging rightly that the lesson administered to this young lady had been sufficiently severe, and that she was really laying it to heart, Valentine ceased to reproach her further; and, in order to allow her to recover herself before descending to the carriage, inquired of the Manager how matters had been brought about to the present issue.

"Well, sir," said George frankly, "I don't know that I can take much credit to myself for being here. It was mere chance that brought me just in the nick of time."

"It was not chance, however, that caused you to send me the messenger that brought me hither," returned Valentine good-naturedly.

"No, sir, it was not; and yet if I had done what was right, I ought to have been here before you. The fact is—you know in what fear I stand because of that scoundrel Miles. Well, I knew this piece of deviltry was coming off; but I did not know it was so bad as it really was. I heard him and the young master talking about running away with Miss Lucy—what they call a runaway match, I thought it was—for they made no count of me. They thought I was theirs, bound hand and foot, because of what the villain knew against me. I must say for Miles, that he was always against it being done; told Master Bentinck as his father would never forgive him, and so on; but the young scapegrace would have his way. And though I knew it was going to be a week ago—directly the day was fixed for the doctor's funeral—yet I never said a word until this morning; I durst not do it. Then my conscience pricked me, and I sent over little William with the letter. I thought he would have reached you earlier, before you went to church, and I knew Master Bentinck would not start till after that; and, above all, I had no idea that Miles would have been here. He was up in his hut as usual an hour ago, where he stays all day and night now, indeed, although there's no wad stole yet. But presently he slipped away, although I was looking out sharp from my own house; and I did not mean to interfere, if you had only Master Bentinck to deal with; but directly I found Miles might be here, I came up also, thanks be to Heaven! and not a minute too soon. Well, I have done my duty this time, if somewhat tardily, let them say what they like about my past. It's all over now, sir. Miles will peach upon me for this; I am quite certain of it. I'm a ruined man; and it is only you who know for whose sake I did the deed for which I am now to suffer. It seems hard, though, being so long ago. Don't tell her, sir. She has enough to bear with that villain for her husband, even though it be only in name.

When I have worked out my time—in jail—if I live over it—I shall go across the seas. I shall never see the bonny north again, where once— I beg your pardon, sir; you must take me for a fool as well as a coward."

"No, George; I take you for an honest man, and such can be neither one nor the other. No man ever need fear the consequences of having done his duty; sooner or later, all comes right with him through that. I have had a letter this very morning about you, and here it is. You have nothing to apprehend from Miles Ripson now; it has been decided that you are not to be proceeded against. There, read for yourself. Nay, do not fall upon your knees to *me*, man, nor thank me, George, who have just been indebted to you for my life. The time is slipping away, and there are sore hearts to be comforted. Let us help this young lady down to the carriage. Come, Lucy; don't let the post-boy see you crying. There is no need to weep now; for, depend upon it, that will be the happiest moment of your good parents' lives when they catch sight of your pretty face coming home to them again." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

A STRANGE STORY.

PART I.

MY VALENTINE.

It was a bright, clear morning. The sun sparkled on a thousand emerald buds, and the morning breeze wafted in a strong scent of violets. As I stood on the door-step of my home in Devonshire, I looked on as fair a scene of flowers and sunshine as ever was given in these British isles to Valentine's Day. Such brilliant blossoms—wind-flowers, hepaticas, and crocuses—blue, purple, white, and cloth of gold. It was a thoroughly spring-like morning, and as I stood loitering on the step, a youth of fifteen bounded through the hall, seized me by the arm, and cried, "I ought to be your Valentine, but I can't. A man may not marry his grandmother, nor his maiden aunt! Oh, dear me, what a pity! But never mind, Grace; come along; we will go forth for adventures, and you shall meet your Valentine, if such a being exists." I told Master Bertrand that he was a saucy school-boy, but I started with him on a walk to the lodge, nevertheless.

And now I must explain a little.

I was at Combe Minor, which had been my home from my birth. My father had died seven years before last Valentine's Day, and left my mother, with a daughter by her first husband just ten years my senior, and myself. Seven years ago from last Valentine's Day I was sixteen years of age—and Julia Moore, my step-sister, was six-and-twenty. But my father had a son by an earlier marriage—and when this son came to take possession of Combe Minor, he came as a widower, bringing Bertrand, Oliver, and Jack with him. A year after our father's death my half-brother married Julia Moore; and a year before the day when I stood, as I have said, on the door-step of Combe Minor, my mother had married her third husband, Sir Godfrey Selby, and they were keeping St. Valentine's Day in Northumberland, amid wind and snow. No wonder that, on every account, I preferred the soft Devonshire air and the sweet flowers of our sunny home. So I was twenty-three, and Bertrand was fifteen, and not my Valentine, because he was my nephew; and so we started on our early walk. There was a winding drive by the edge of a wood, where rock cropped out, and holly glittered, and the willow had begun to show golden buds. This drive led by the moss well, and the old quarry, so picturesquely planted with larch, to the north lodge; and Berty and I trod the way gayly, our steps making crisp echoing sounds in the clear, frosty air, and the birds singing in the sun that set all Nature sparkling.

The old fancy, that the first man we met was to be my Valentine for the ensuing year, made fun for Bertie, who, being a very merry-hearted, and also a very clever boy, kept me laughing, in spite of the mock indignation with which I had to meet some of his most daring imaginations.

"You'll never be married this year. Oh, Gracey! "Nobody coming to marry me, nobody coming to woo!—ih? who's that?"

We had just caught sight of the lodge, and we saw a stranger standing, as if irresolute. The stranger then knocked at the lodge door, and walked in.

"Now, fair play, dear, good, unfortunate Aunt Gracey. It won't do unless he comes out, and walks on, and meets us honestly. The first you *meet*, not *see*. You are out of luck—you are—no!"

And here the stranger reappeared, and walked towards us quite as unwaveringly, and with as much intention as could be expected of any Valentine under any circumstances throughout the whole "West Country."

"All right!" said Bertie, in a low voice; "don't flinch. Bear up bravely, Gracey. I'll stand by you. It will be all over in a moment. Look him in the face, that you may know him again."

I could have beaten the boy for the drollery he threw into his small impertinences, for I could not keep my face grave, and the stranger was a fine, tall, handsome-looking man, walking straight in the middle of the road, and inspecting us with very evident attention.

"Hold your tongue, Bertie!"

"Don't be agitated—keep your self-possession. Trust in me—guide, philosopher, and friend!"

Here we were brought to a stand suddenly, by the stranger stopping close before us, and saying, "Bertrand Lawrence! I know your name. I asked at the lodge." Then he took off his hat to me.

My Valentine looked five-and-thirty years of age, with a face a good deal bronzed, and very dark hair. He had a moustache, but no whisker nor beard; he was what anybody might call handsome; and he had an indescribable look of power about him. I don't mean bodily strength, though he had that too. But he had a certain sweetness of expression on his somewhat massive face, as if he was gentle with the gentleness of one who could play with life because he had tamed it into submission to him. All this struck me as he lifted his hat, and said,

"Miss Lawrence." Then he went on, speaking to Bertie. "Is your father at home? I am called Deverel—James Deverel. Do you know my name?"

"Major Deverel is expected on a visit to my father next week."

"Yes. I wrote and said I would come. I was then engaged this week to the Robertsons, near Torquay. But they telegraphed to me at Lord Marston's to say they had illness in the house, and had been put in quarantine—couldn't have me. So I came here straight. It will be an early 'morning call' if you can't take me in. I have left my luggage at the station."

By this time Major Deverel was walking with us towards the house. He soon said, "Do you always walk as early as this, Miss Lawrence?"

I could not help stammering; but Bertie spoke honestly. "It's the best joke in the world. We made an engagement last night to walk out together to-day early. Valentine's Day, you know. The first man Aunt Grace met was to be her Valentine. We west-country people believe all kinds of superstitions, and that is one. We promised to tell the truth to Oliver and Jack, which was but fair, as we had refused their company. Now we shall carry you back as proof positive; the Valentine not only seen, but captured and brought home. You are Grace's Valentine, Major Deverel, and I hope you will do your year's service properly."

Major Deverel stood still. He looked at Bertie, and he looked at me. "I had never thought of it!" he said. Valentine's Day! Well, so it is! Valentine's Day—never thought of it once, even."

His manner was very strange. I saw that it was provocative of Bertie's mirth, so I began to talk to Major Deverel of Devonshire customs, and the odd fancies that we kept in remembrance in our old-fashioned place.

Major Deverel got as good a welcome as any man could have desired. He and my brother had been at school together. My brother had gone to Cambridge, then to the bar, and had been going the Western Circuit when his friend, Frank Deverel, had been through hard fighting in India. They had seen each other but seldom, but had corresponded without intermission; and now it was pleasant to see my brother of forty years of age and his friend, a few years younger, standing with grasped hands, looking in each other's faces, recalling old memories, both very happy in the old friendship so faithfully cherished, and so suddenly gratified by this pleasant appearance on Valentine's Day.

We had breakfast; and after breakfast I heard Major Deverel say how strangely fast my brother had seemed to run through life—only forty and twice married; with three boys, and an eldest son shooting up into manhood. "Why, *my* life," he said, "has got to begin—my *home* life, I mean; at least, I hope so. After all," he said, "the great struggle of youth carried into battle-fields, full of danger, fuller of thought, and a responsibility that shuts *self* out of one's mind, is not the life that a man looks forward to. The patriarchal vine-and-fig-tree life advances upon one in a sort of vision, and claims one's sympathy. Yes," he added, thoughtfully, "and comes in some of men's best moments, I think." I felt quite touched. I confessed that my Valentine entertained some most admirable sentiments. "But I should not have liked to begin so early, though," he said, with an honesty of tone and manner that made me hate him. In fact, before luncheon time Major Deverel had greatly puzzled me, and I had said to myself, "There is something odd about him." He kept on betraying the drollest sort of interest in this Valentine's Day, and once, in the most unaccountable manner, wondered what would happen before the end of it.

"Nothing more extraordinary than an assemblage of friends in the evening," said Julia, with her pretty, quiet, captivating smile. I was pleased to see that Major Deverel admired her.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "a party of friends; would you tell me all about them?"

And then he sat down by Julia's work-table, and cut open the leaves of a book in a peculiarly careful and knowing way, which made me, once more, entertain a good opinion of my Valentine. He heard about Lawsons and Robertses, Colvilles, Drakes, and Markingtons; and asked questions as to sex, age, family, fortune—once more he was growing unaccountably odd; and once more he wondered out loud that it should be Valentine's Day. "Valentine's Day! Never thought of it!" and when he ended by saying, with every mark of astonishment—"And eighteen hundred and sixty-six, too," I really thought him crazy.

Before dinner I had been both charmed and bewildered by our new guest several times. I liked, I disliked, I wondered; but with all I think I admired.

When we had assembled for dinner in our smart clothes I thought Major Deverel the finest-looking man I had ever seen—my Valentine was a man to be proud of. We ladies left the dinner-table early, for we had some little arrangements to make for the entertainment of the guests who were expected in the evening. We had not been many minutes out of the dining-room when the three boys rushed out, and joined us in the morning-room where our friends were to have tea on their arrival.

"Oh, Grace, he is the best fellow going. He will do anything—everything—we will have charades!"

I asked, "Did Major Deverel propose charades?"

"Oh, no; you can't get him to propose anything. I go with the stream on Valentine's Day," he said.

Our boys were very fond of acting, and with very little help from others, they and I had got up several successful charades that winter. They were all *impromptu* characters. We fixed on our word and how the syllables should be expressed, and then left all the acting and the dialogue to the inspiration of the moment. I knew the boys wished for charades, and of course I knew they would have all their wishes as far as possible fulfilled. They had been brought up on the very (not over) indulgent principle and were not the least spoilt by it. So charades we were to have, and Major Deverel was to act with us.

"Had he ever acted?" "Hundreds of times, no doubt." "Had he ever acted *impromptu* charades?" "Nobody knows. But no matter. He agrees to everything—says he would not advise, nor contradict, nor suggest, nor refuse, nor doubt, nor run away—can you want more than that? Don't be afraid, Gracey. Let us fix on a word."

But I was afraid. Our friends were arriving; a dozen people were in the drawing-room already. I had no idea of making an exhibition of myself with my Valentine, who had several times treated this Valentine's Day as being a serious epoch in his life, and as something to be endured with vague wonderings, and an odd anxiety which he tried to hide with gay words; but which was something quite real, and, as it seemed to me, very plain to see, and altogether impossible to account for.

More carriages, more bell ringing, more greetings, more tea! My battle with Bertie was lost. I was defeated. We were to have charades; and the first word to be acted was to be *Fearful*, out of compliment to me. "You are in that unreasonable state of agitation, that you will scarcely need to act anything, Gracey." I could only sit and smile; I was beaten, and very amiable under my misfortune.

Now the room in which we acted was a long drawing-room. Standing at the top of this room, if you looked down its length of over thirty-three feet, you saw two doors; one was at the end of the room on the right hand and led into a library, the other at the side, as far down as could be, and led into the hall. Our only preparation for our favorite pastime was to bring into the room two large screens. They were so placed as to divide off the end of the room which was to be our stage, and to hide the two doors by which we came on, and went off. The middle space between the screens was marked off by a row of wax lights on the floor, and a fence made by long, low, wire guards which had been contrived for the purpose. The only peculiarity of this drawing-room arose from the fact of its having been made by throwing two rooms together, by which means there were two fire-places. One was at the end opposite our stage, the other in the centre of the left-hand side, and opposite the windows. They had grates and chimney-pieces exactly alike, and each had a looking-glass which reached up to the cornice of the room. The glass over the side chimney-piece could be seen perfectly by the actors, and when at the farther end of the stage our "situations" were reflected in it.

Before the charade began I spoke to Major Deverel. "The syllable *fear* is to be a scene with banditti, you know; you are to be just entering the stage from the library. I, and my friends, and our maid are to come on the stage in a state of terror, the banditti having robbed us, and turned us out of our carriage. I rush up to you to save us—and you,"—he was listening with the drollest half-smile on his attentive face. I know I looked alarmed for the success of any acting that he might be concerned in, and he read my thoughts exactly.

"Don't be frightened before the time," he said. "I won't arrange anything. Whatever you may do, I shall do exactly as I ought to do. I mean, as I should do if so placed in real life. Now go—Bertie is making signs for you."

What outrageous, silly confidence! And yet he spoke so pleasantly that I could not scold.

Bertie was in full power; a blazing interest in the work to be begun instantly glowed in his handsome face, and he said, "Oh, Major, have you pistols? Ah, you have changed your coat." I then saw that he had a cloak on, and pistols strapped round him. "Your father dressed me," he said. "I have not done anything myself. I go with the stream this Valentine's Day, and make the best of the place on which the stream may land me, that is all I am going to do."

I can only add to this record of our conversation that I was more puzzled than ever by Major Deverel's words and manner, and found myself on the stage informing my audience by means of a talk with my friends, that we had left our travelling carriage for the luxury of an afternoon walk while proceeding towards Naples on an October day.

Off we went, and on came the banditti by the library door behind us. Their evil intentions were announced in the same fashion, and they passed off as we had. The stage was then occupied by Major Deverel, supposed to be on a walking expedition. From the cries of alarm—the clash of weapons—we women rushed back to the stage. The maid on her knees in a paroxysm of fright, the friend, fainting on the top of the maid, and I rushing up to Major Deverel crying "Save us!"

Then in a moment a grand tableau was formed. I found myself within the Major's strong left arm; and I confess I struggled, for I had not intended my rush to end in such harborage. But I was a mere feather compared to his strength. With a power which I don't forget he drew me closer to him, and held me caged within the bend of his iron arm. I glanced up to his face. What a face it was! His right arm was stretched out, and the pistol in his hand cowed the chief of the banditti, Master Bertie, who looked mesmerized under the earnest, glowing face, and steady, triumphant eye. No one ever saw a more real thing than Major Deverel's attitude and expression; the curtain dropped amidst immense applause, and I was released with a quiet smile. He put his pistol into his belt, and said, as if to himself, "The queerest thing in the world. I'm glad it's over, though!"

"What is queer, and what is over?" I said—we were re-arranging ourselves in the library now. He answered, "By-and-by—by-and-by."

The word "*full*" was acted by a busy postman delivering valentines to a crowd who met him, and from whose full bags, they filled pockets, baskets, brown-paper parcels. It was made a very merry scene by the boys and all the young friends, who made the gathering crowd till the stage was full, and the curtain dropped again.

The whole word was a recounting of the banditti danger to a nervous lady excellently acted by Mary Drake, who really worked herself up to a very fearful state while I told the story as well as her nerves allowed and the perpetual interruptions, caused by the remedies she so constantly called for, permitted.

There were two more charades, but the Major's acting—the force, the interest, the expression he had put into his part—formed the topic of the night. Everybody had "felt it so!" That was the general experience; it found expression in many words, and the Major's praises reached him of course. All the answer he made was, "I never acted in my life—never took part in any charade before."

PART II.

MY VALENTINE'S STORY.

When all our friends had gone, and we were alone, standing about in the supper-room, my brother told Major Deverel again that he had never seen such acting as in that first charade, adding, "I am very glad we had you to do it."

"So am I," was the brief answer. "But to me it was not acting. For one moment, I saw, reflected in the great glass over your side fireplace, the whole scene. It was in every particular the counterpart of something I had seen before. I dare say I looked in earnest. I never felt more solemnly stirred. I never wanted all the courage I could command more than at that moment, when you all clapped and praised us. When the curtain dropped, by Jove! how glad I was!"

"Well now I am sure he *is* mad," was my whisper, as I refreshed myself with a glass of wine offered gallantly by Bertie; but Julia seemed to think differently.

"How strange!" she exclaimed. "May we not know all about it? Won't you tell us? You have no idea how real that moment seemed. Do tell us—tell us now."

"If you please," Major Deverel said. So we sat down, and he began.

"It is a very strange story, and I am not going to try to account for it. I shall leave you to do that if you choose to try. I shall tell facts in few words—so here I begin. Some years ago I was at Constantinople. I was with a party of friends, and others joined us. We were all 'on leave' of one sort or other, and ready to enjoy ourselves; and we all messed together at a French tavern in the suburb called Pera, where we lived, and enjoyed ourselves greatly. We were a party of nine, as nearly as I can recollect; English, French, Irish, and Scotch; I was the only Englishman, I know.

"One day, I remarked that a very intelligent Scotchman was silent, and apparently distressed, at our dinner; and afterwards, I was told by a French friend of his, with whom I was walking on the height that overlooks the magnificent harbor, and the Golden Horn, that the Scotchman had done a foolish thing,—perhaps worse, a wrong thing, explained the Frenchman—he had been in a spirit of fun to ask about his future of a Turk who practised necromancy, and he had come away sad, silent, and puzzled. It was said that this sorcerer, if he was one, could show in a sort of vision, any moment of your future life that you liked to ask for. But if you fixed on a moment in the future beyond the term of your life, you beheld only a hideous blank—I say hideous, because the blank had an effect of the most desolating description on all who beheld it. There was only darkness and nothingness. The end of the room seemed to be gone, and all things gone with it; and some strong men had been said to have fainted when this revelation of utter loss had been made to them. Such a revelation had been suffered by our Scotch friend. He had asked to see what that moment would be on that day two years, and had been answered by the awful darkness I have mentioned. After a day or two, I determined to go to this sorcerer myself. I told my French friend, who tried, but in vain, to dissuade me. I would not listen. He refused to go with me, so I took an Irishman, a general favorite, with me. He was called O'Neil. I don't know why I went. I think I felt it would do Patterson, the Scotchman, good, if a few of us were in a similar predicament with himself. I know I had no belief whatever in these prophetic visions being true. O'Neil and I paid our visit to the 'Wise Man' on Valentine's Day. It was at night—or rather in the evening—in fact just before nine o'clock. No difficulty of any kind was made. I put down gold—half a sovereign, for I was going to do it as cheaply as I could. He said, 'Double that; you will require more than one vision.' I said shortly that I only wanted one; and that O'Neil would be with me. He told me to take back the gold, for to have O'Neil with me was impossible. I agreed then to go by myself, and we went up-stairs. The man lived in such a house as the more opulent Turks inhabit—built round a court, where a fountain played very lazily. I remember that the drip of the water seemed to add to the strange silence in this man's dwelling rather than to disturb it. Every drop was heard so perfectly, telling of the unnatural quiet, as the ticking of a clock tells of the silent passage of time. We went through the court together, up a great marble staircase, and through a passage where the walls were painted, and inlaid in places with ivory, jasper, and mother-o'-pearl, in the most tasteless, ignorant way. We got at last into a great room like a gallery, perfectly dark except for a circle of small lamps that burnt about two feet from the floor in the centre of the room, as nearly as I could guess. In a moment I got accustomed to the dim light, and then I saw that the 'Wise Man' was standing at the very farthest end, and holding out his arm to me. He had before told me only to speak when he spoke to me. Presently he said, 'Ask for the moment you wish to see.' I said, 'This time next year.' I felt the room grow warmer. I perceived a highly fragrant scent as of some sweet wood burning; then the end of the room grew brighter and brighter, something as you may see at sunrise, though the light was less glowing, and then, by degrees, like a thing being revealed out of the wavy light and the receding darkness, I saw a distinct scene—a scene which, but for its perfect stillness, no one could have distinguished from real life. There were two men on the ground; one was dead—I had never see him then—the other was myself, apparently dying. An Indian was on his knees trying to staunch the blood that flowed from a wound which I could not see. I looked at it steadily. I took in every particular—more people appeared in hazy outlines, and a horse—then the minute was over, and the whole was gone. The man was at my side before I knew that he had left the place where I had last seen him, and he spoke: 'You wish for another?' I said, 'I don't know—wait.' 'Don't speak till you are spoken to. I will ask you again soon."

"In this silent interval I wondered with myself what it was wisest to do. The question, 'Did I die?'—or 'Shall I die?' I suppose I ought to say—was so strong within me that I felt it would be best, at all risks, to answer it. If the next sight gave me the dismal blank, I should know what I feared—if not, I should fear no more. It was best to know. So when I was asked, 'Will you see more?' I said, 'Yes.' 'What moment shall it be?' The voice came again from the farthest corner. I said, 'This time five years.' And it came."

"What came?" asked my brother.

"Why this night—the moment when I held her in with my left arm, and pointed my pistol at Bertie."

"Did you see Bertie?"

"I saw only myself, and a woman, just as she was. I knew the cloak when you put it on me. As I covered the lad with the pistol I caught the flash of the lock in the looking-glass, and one glance gave me the scene complete, myself with my pistol pointed, and your sister in my arms. When I had seen this scene, too, fade away, the sorceror said, 'You will see another?' But I answered, 'No. I shall carve out my life for myself in spite of you,' and I came away."

"And is this night the very night—the fifth anniversary?"

"Yes, it is. I never thought of it till I met you to-day in the drive, and Bertie said it was Valentine's Day."

"And what of the first scene—did that come to pass?" asked Julia.

"Yes. That very day year, at the same hour. I was stationed at Quebec. We had been out on a hunting excursion with some friendly Indians. A hostile tribe knew of us, and some of them on horseback came upon us. One man was killed, and the flow of blood from withdrawing an arrow with which I had been wounded made me so faint that, till an Indian staunched it by making a tourniquet with a handkerchief, I could not be moved. You will not wonder now at my having betrayed my interest in all that to-day might bring to me, and in my saying I would do nothing—that I would go with the stream. I really do believe that, in unbelieving nations, some sort of 'black art' is practised still."

Here this strange story ended, and we went to bed, and some of us dreamt of it.

The next morning, which was as bright as the preceding one, I met Major Deverel in the hall. It was my office to make breakfast. He stood by me. The clock struck nine.

"About this hour yesterday I met you in the drive. It struck nine when I was making inquiries at the lodge."

There was something odd in his manner, I thought. I said,

"My sister and brother are late this morning."

"Tired with my long story?" he said.

"Not very long, but very strange."

"Let's make it as long as we can," he said—"till death us do part?"

And his pleasant, promising eyes were upon me.

"Oh, Major Deverel, it is only *twenty-four hours!* 'A soldier's wooing—'"

"I should like nothing so much in the world!' said a voice—not mine. My brother had come in, and hearing the last words had answered them.

And certainly, before twelve o'clock, I had said a sort of "Yes," but balanced by as many "ifs" as I craftily thought would serve to make it "No" whenever I pleased. And now, as I think of it, I remember that my husband did not pay as much attention to those "ifs" as I intended. He afterwards even denied that he had heard them at all.

G. P.

1865—CO.

I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New-Year and Old-Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said O years, that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring;
But aught that is worth the knowing?
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
New-Year roaring and blowing,
And Old-Year blowing and roaring!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

☞ Albert Cook, sometime a postmaster in Illinois, gave up the situation, and by order of the Department sent all the stamps back to Washington. He received notice of their arrival there, but that the amount was eight cents short. Last week a suit was instituted against Cook and his sureties for the missing amount, the knowledge of which reached Cook through the newspapers. He confessed judgment, paid $15 in costs and eight cents to Uncle Sam, and the matter was settled.

☞ A New Albany (Ind.) merchant who had become involved, closed his store and put a placard on the door bearing the words, "Taking stock." The next day it was discovered that he had been "taking stock," as the goods had been removed during the night, and the merchant had left for parts unknown.

☞ It is a comfort to know that respectable great people do as respectable common people do. The Queen of England says: "Made ourselves 'clean and tidy,' and then sat down to our dinner."

☞ A Kentucky stock-raiser passed through Nashville, a few days ago, literally loaded down with gold watches and every description of jewelry, which he had obtained in Georgia and Alabama, in exchange for mules. In the absence of currency, many people in that part of the country found it necessary, in order to procure farm animals, to part with what few valuables the war had left them.

☞ A lady, after performing with the most brilliant execution a sonata on the piano-forte, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, turning to the philosopher, took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music. "No, madam," replied the doctor, "but of all noises, I think music is the least disagreeable."

Twenty-First Annual Report.

Office of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

PHILADELPHIA, February 15, 1868.

To the Stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company:

Your Directors have the gratification to report that the business of your Railway during the past year has fully realized their expectations.

The following condensed statement will exhibit its earnings and expenses for 1867:

EARNINGS.

From Passengers,	$3,435,376 13	
From Freight and Canal service,	12,028 45	
From U. States and others collected for transportation of troops,	65,240 48	
From Mails,	84 931 58	
From Express matter,	331,404 80	
From general freights,	11,8 2, 98 87	
From miscellaneous sources,	474,029 54	
		$16,340,156 36

EXPENSES.

For conducting transportation,	$3,317,260 81	
For motive power,	3,252,143 37	
For maintenance of cars,	1,520 267 82	
For maintenance of road,	3,042 748 92	
For general expenses,	179,76- 70	
		11,080,220 64
Leaving net earnings for the year 1867,		$4,259,856 72

The total amount of revenues, compared with last year, is:

1867,	$16,340,156 36
1866,	16,583,892 84
Decrease,	243,736 48

Omitting the amounts collected for transportation of United States troops in both years, the business of the road will compare as follows:

1867,	$ 8,274,915 88
1866,	16,022,937 40
Increase in 1867,	2 1 8 8 48

The changes in the sources of revenue, omitting United States troops, are as follows below:

Decrease in coal and passengers,	$18,567 89
Decrease in express matter,	43,274 02
	$61,842 61
and	
Increase in regular freights,	$123 056 96
Increase in first class passengers,	185 708 07
Increase in United States Mails,	2 201 68
Increase in miscellaneous	3,006 26
	315 921 09
Increase, as before stated,	$254,079 48

The gross revenue for 1867 are equal to $45,642 89 per mile of the main line of rail road.

The whole number of passengers carried in 1866 was 2,873,368, and in 1867, 3,247,4 6; but the average distance travelled by each passenger in 1867 was 37 77-100 miles, while in the previous year it was 32 miles, showing that the increase has chiefly been in the local business of the road.

The number of tons of freight moved (including 291,-2 4 tons of fuel and other material transported for the Company) was 4 40 ,3 3, embracing 1,6 -,723 tons o coal. The increase in the coal traffic is 567,342 tons, and the whole tonnage of the road exceeds that of last year 547,-820 tons—near y 16 per cent.

The results of the year, therefore, show a large in cr ase in the business of the road, both in passengers and freights; but in consequence of reduced rates of freight there is not a corresponding increase in gross revenues, while the continued high prices for labor and materials have prevented any material reduction of expenses.

The Canals of the Company, in conformity with the views expressed in the last Annual Report of the Board, have been sold and transferred to the Pennsylvania Canal Company, and the shareholders are referred, for information in relation to them to the Report of J. J. Wister, the President, and F. T. Wiorman, Chief Engineer and Superintendent.

The earnings of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, in 1867, were:

From passengers,	$633,154 82
" troops,	2,8 8 82
" freight,	1,531 99 02
" express matter,	26,0 5 10
" mails,	14,436 68
" miscellaneous sources,	15,895 09
	$2,233,359 94

The operating expenses during the same period were:

For conducting transportation,	$365,295 61
For maintenance of way,	648,359 43
For motive power,	624,772 63
For maintenance of cars,	1 2,445 12
Total,	$2,010,872 86
To which add 30 per cent. payable to Philadelphia and Erie Railroad,	677 239 51
	2,689,112 37
Showing a loss to this Company, in operating the line under the lease, of	$254,392 43

Or $73,621 99 in excess of the same item in 1866.

The whole revenue of the Pennsylvania Railroad and its branches, and the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, is as follows, viz:

From the Pennsylvania Railroad and branches,	$16,340,156 36
" Philadelphia and Erie Railroad.	2,233,759 94
Total,	$18,573,9 6 30

And the expenses of operating these lines are:

Pennsylvania Railroad,	$ 2,080,209 54	
Philadelphia and Erie Railroad,	2,010 872 86	
Thirty per cent. reserved to pay interest on debt of Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, &c.,	677,330 51	
		14,368,412 01
Leaving the net profits from both Railways,		$3,205,504 29
From which deduct two cash dividends of 3 per cent. each paid to shareholders in May and November last, and the taxes thereon,	$1,387 668 72	
Interest on bonds, &c., and taxes on same,	810,684 04	
Lease on Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad,	135 274 18	
Annual payment to the State of Pennsylvania, on account of purchase of main line of public works,	400,000 00	
This amount, carried to the credit of "Extra Dividend Fund," in conformity with a resolution approved by the shareholders at their last meeting payable in the capital stock of the Company,	1,199,000 00	
		3,741,626 74
Surplus,		$163,877 55

The net profits of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company are mostly all derived from the business of the main line. The investments held in other lines, that have heretofore proved productive, have mostly been pledged in the sinking fund established for the redemption of the Second Mortgage Bonds of this Company and the Bonds of the Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Company, which together amount to $5,5 1,3 0. The value of the 2 sets in this fund, at their present market price, may be stated at $5,000,000, and are deemed ample to meet at maturity the debts for which the fund was instituted. If the Second Mortgage Bonds should be exchanged for those under the general mortgage authorized at your last annual meeting, this fund, after the payment of the seven hundred thousand dollar mortgage upon the Harrisburg and Lancaster line, will become the property of the Company to be disposed of in such manner as shall best promote its interest.

The shareholders are referred to the statement of the Treasurer, appended to this report, for an extract of the Company at the close of the year. In comparing it with former statements, it will be seen that the cost of the railroad from Harrisburg to Pittsburg stands upon the books of the Company at about the same sum ($13 54-,-850) that it did in 1854, the year that it was opened as a road—it was single track all way between those cities. Since that time there has been added upon this portion of the railway, except three miles, a second track throughout, with sidings, sidings, depots, &c., sufficient to accommodate more than five times the traffic that was then moved—the cost of which, if carried to construction account, would have swelled it to over $20,-000,000.

A second track has also been added to the Harrisburg and Lancaster portion of the line between Columbia and Middletown, a distance of 13 miles, which has likewise been charged to expense account. The Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad, purchased of the State in a delapidated condition, has had its superstructure renewed, and all of its wooden bridges east of Lancaster removed and new iron structures substituted, while the purchase money has at the same time been reduced from $6,5 1,0 0, its cost, to $-,375,000.

The construction, spread upon the whole line of double track from West Philadelphia to Pittsburg, 356 miles, and a single track between Dillerville and Middletown, via Mount Joy, of 25 miles, including branches to Indiana and to Hollidaysburg of 27 miles is but $20,-700,528—a sum so small compared with the cost of building such a work at this time, that no rival line—if there was a favorable route for one—could be constructed with any prospect of deriving a profit from the investment. This policy has been adopted by the Board, that reasonable rates of transportation may be maintained and at the same time satisfactory dividends continued to the shareholders. The Board is aware that this is not in accord nce with the practice pursued by railway companies generally, particularly those of Great Britain, where their share and debt capital has increased to such enormous proportions compared with their revenues that dividends in ordinary shareholders have become the exception, while to maintain their revenues at the present standard, even with the advantages of cheap labor and materials for maintaining and operating their railways, the rates for travel and general freight are largely in excess of those charged by this Company.

The practice of dividing the whole apparent net profits of the Company, which has been the rule in Great Britain, has also had the advantage, by the exhibit of large dividends, on their completion of stimulating the construction of rival lines, thus increasing the railway capital that the traffic of the region is expected to meet, in an effort to secure a fair return for the money expended—which can only be effected by increased rates.

The securities created under the financial plan adopted at your last meeting to provide for the future wants of the Company have been prepared, and will be issued from time to time in exchange or its existing mortgage bonds, and in like amounts as the share capital of the Company is increased—to provide for the decided cost of the railway for additional facilities for the accommodation, movement or protection of its traffic. This plan contemplates the continuance of semi-annual cash dividends of three per cent., free from United States and State taxes, the remainder of the net profits of the year to be carried to an extra dividend fund, to be divided in shares whenever it is sufficient to justify a dividend of five per cent. upon the capital stock. Under the operations of this arrangement, dividends of eleven per cent. were paid in 1867, and the same rate may be expected in 1868.

The Board, as stated in their last annual report, would have preferred, and would still prefer to increase the capital stock of the Company by a general distribution of it at par among the shareholders in proportion to the interest of each, but the alleged legal inability of Philadelphia to meet her share of this increase led to the adoption of the present plan, which, it is believed, will be found sufficient to meet the objects of the Company and the requirements of its charter.

As the policy of investing funds of the Company in feeders to the main line in and out of the State has been frequently adversely commented upon, the Board will again remind the shareholders that the investments made outside of Pennsylvania were expressly authorized and directed by themselves, with the full concurrence of the Directors, except in the subscription to the Marietta and Cincinnati line.

The wisdom of these investments, in view of the then position of the Pennsylvania Railroad at its western terminus, has been fully vindicated by the beneficial effects that the construction of the various lines facilitated with the trade connections of the West have had upon the revenues of the Company and the prosperity of Philadelphia. The Board only exercised the express authority of the shareholders, by a laborious but successful effort, to save the funds—as far as advisable—that they had directed to be so invested.

The expenditures upon lines within the State—as explained in previous reports—was one of the conditions of a contract with the Commonwealth, by which the Company was relieved from the onerous burthens of a special tonnage tax, which dwarfed its usefulness and prevented its railway from developing the resources of the interior.

These expenditures have resulted in the construction of the Pittsburg and Steubenville Railroad, the West Pennsylvania Railroad, the Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad, the Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad, the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad, the Mifflin and Centre County Railroad to Milroy, and the extension of the Broad Top Railroad to Dallas. All of these works are valuable feeders to the main line, and to the aggregate will pay an interest upon the amounts now charged against them.

The Tyrone and Clearfield Railroad at present terminates at Philipsburg. During the past year the roadbed has been graded to the town of Clearfield, and the track will be laid upon it in the coming spring and summer.

That portion of the railway between Pittsburg and Columbus, Ohio, extending from Pittsburg to the Ohio river, as one the State to West Virginia—in consequence of its great cost and long delay in its construction—becomes involved in inextricable financial difficulty, to free it from which it was sold under a decree of the Supreme Court. Arrangements are now being made to consolidate it with the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad, under the name of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway Company, with a view to make out one corporation between Pittsburg and Columbus. In this line the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has a large interest in its shares, and we entertain the belief that its revenues will at once pay an interest upon the amount now charged to that account. The chief motive, however, in incurring this expenditure, was, as already mentioned, the advantage it afforded to this Company in securing the freight and travel to and from the south-west, for which we had previously no independent connection. The line is now in full operation, and in this respect has met our expectations, gaining for the travelled hearing of several hours in his journey from Philadelphia and New York to Cincinnati, over any other route.

The Philadelphia and Erie Railroad has been operated since February 1, 1862, by this Company, under a lease, at a heavy annual loss, which has to that extent reduced the profits of the main line. This loss is largely due to the unfinished character of the new portion of the work, and the decayed condition of the bridges, etc., upon the older parts of the line. In addition to these causes, it may be added that the line traverses a country which produces articles for transportation that can only be moved at low rates of freight—rates which, at the existing high price for labor and materials, do not afford a sufficient margin of profit to meet the interest upon the debt of the Company and the cost of operating the railway. This object can only be secured—if the causes of the high cost of operating railways should continue—by a heavy increased traffic, to obtain which increased material outlays are required.

The Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, under the lease, is obliged to furnish the money to meet the expenditures for its object, but as it is without means or available credit, it devolves upon this Company to supply the deficiency or continue an unprofitable arrangement. As neither the public advantage nor the permanent interest of this Company will justify the latter alternative, the Board, with a view to apply the expenditures mentioned in a manner that will best promote the objects in view, has purchased and converted obligations that have accrued against that Company into its capital stock, to the extent of 31,636 shares of Common, and 43,000 of Preferred, amounting in all at par, to nearly $4,7 0,000—sufficient to determine the future mode of managing the affairs of the Company.

This line and the Pennsylvania Railroad occupy the only routes within this Commonwealth upon which a railway for through business can be built, and yield a reasonable return upon the capital that may be expended in its construction. Upon all other routes several additional mountain summits will be encountered, besides the increased cost hereafter of constructing such a work. With this knowledge we may safely make outlays for the development of their traffic. The extent to which this can be done by a judicious enlargement of the field of operations of the Philadelphia and Erie line may be appreciated by referring to the history of our own railroad, which was only opened as a continuous railway in connection with the State road between Philadelphia and Columbia, on the 15th of February, 1834, at which date the Eastern and Western Divisions of what was originally the Pennsylvania Railroad were united, avoiding the ten inclined planes operated by stationary power, which had previously lifted the traffic over the Alleghanies. The revenues of this Company, from the whole line, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, during 1854, the first year of its operation as a continuous line, were $1,512,-55. In 1-67, between the same points, with addition of the local business of the State railroad, they were $16,5 3 0 0, an increase of nearly five-fold in money and about larger in tonnage.

It is true the Pennsylvania Railroad traversed a country that had been partially developed by the State improvements, and a large local traffic became immediately available, but at that time the through business was of inconsiderable extent. It has since greatly increased by the rapid growth of the West, both in population and wealth, and is capable of still greater development by the introduction of rates of freight that will successfully compete with those charged upon the lakes and the New York canals.

A line possessing a large mixed traffic, such as is commanded by the Pennsylvania Railroad, cannot fully meet this requirement without the construction of a third track throughout its length, by which trains can be moved at a low rate of speed without serious interruption to the traffic that will pay for the cost of a more rapid movement. Instead of a third track upon the Pennsylvania Railroad to meet this demand, as originally suggested, it has been proposed that the lines of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, as far as practicable, be taken for such a thoroughfare. This line will cross the summit between the eastern and western waters, where the elevation is but 1421 feet above tide, which may be overcome by gradients not exceeding a rise of half of a foot to one hundred feet, passing through a region abounding in the best bituminous coal for fuel.

A road built to accommodate the object contemplated must be located and constructed with a view to secure the lowest possible cost of movement of trains, and its locomotives and cars adapted to the business they are intended to move and the speed they will travel. Instead of changing locomotives at the end of each day's service, as at present, the trains under this system will be provided with double crews, alternating their time upon duty until their destination is completed and the return trip accomplished. The speed of the freight trains should not exceed an average of six miles per hour.

As through travel and general merchandise will seek lines where the movement is most rapid, a railway operated upon this principle can only be introduced with advantage to the community and profit to its shareholders who to the traffic that it will command is very large. The profits upon the capital invested in such a line must be realized from a small margin over cost upon a very large tonnage to be moved. But few, if any, locations at present afford a business sufficient to justify the construction of a railway specially operated upon this principle, and one between the east and west will be sufficient to meet the public demand for many years. In New York the Erie Canal fulfils the object of such a work, set only for that State but for through tonnage between the east and the west.

No route in Pennsylvania or elsewhere between the seaboard and the west affords equal facilities for the introduction of this system as the line occupied by the eastern portion of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, whose basis for it may be laid with confidence as to its affording favorable results. A railroad operated upon this plan will certainly be exceeded to the Mississippi river across the table lands of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, south of the great lakes, which, when the tonnage is sufficient to justify its construction, will afford a medium of transportation at all seasons of the year, as cheap and more expeditious than via the lakes and Erie Canal, without materially interfering with the profits of existing lines. The general introduction of this system of railways to supersede the present lines can only end in a disastrous failure, as never tried.

The present system of operating railways is adapted to the wants of the country, and is the only one applicable to lines of mixed or moderate traffic, or that could now be profitably introduced into regions where new railways are required.

The preponderance of east bound traffic upon all of the trunk lines must always give a preference to the faster lines for western shipments, while the financial value of expedition, and the necessity for it in the conveyance of live stock, must continue such traffic with the lines operated under the present system.

Since your last meeting the Board has received, with regret, the resignation of R. H. Houston, Esq., as General Freight Agent of this Company, a position which he has held since the organization of the Transportation Department, performing at all times its delicate duties with much credit to himself and fidelity to the Company. In his successor, Stephen B. Kingston, the Board feel satisfied they have secured the services of a gentleman well qualified, by long experience and sound judgment, to administer the important duties assigned to him.

The Board has also received the resignation of R. E. Rieker, Esq., Superintendent of Motive Power and Machinery, who left the service of this Company to assume the more responsible position of General Superintendent of the New Jersey Central Railroad Company. To fill the vacancy thus caused, A. J. Cassatt, Esq., has been selected—a gentleman who has been engaged in the service of the Company since the commencement of his professional career.

In conclusion the Board desires to acknowledge the efficient manner in which the business of the Company has been conducted by the officers and employes, generally, during the past year.

By order of the Board,

J. EDGAR THOMSON, President.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been little or no demand; 9000 bbls sold at $7,25@8,50 for superfine; $8,50@10 for extra; $10@11,75 for low grade and fancy North-West extra family; $10,50@12 for Pennsylvania extra family; $11@12,75 for Ohio extra family, and $13@15 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—600 bbls sold, in lots, at $8,25@8,75.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat. About 30,000 bus sold at $2,55@2,57 for prime red, $2,40@2,50 for fair to good do; $2,20@2,30 for common, $2,60 for choice amber, and $2,05@2,15 for white according to quality. Rye—20,000 bus of prime Pennsylvania sold at $1,65@1,72. Corn—40,000 bus of new Pennsylvania and Delaware yellow sold at $1,17@1,20. Oats—56,000 bus sold at 77@80c ₱ bus, the latter rate for light Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market is more active. Sales of 350 bbls of Pork at $21 for old and $22,50 for new, $21 for prime do and $20 for prime. Dressed Hogs sell at 9¼@10c ₱ lb. Bacon—Sales of hams at 16@18c; sides are taken in lots at 13¼@14c, and shoulders at 11@12c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 14¼@14¾c, and shoulders, in salt, at 10c. Lard—Sales of tes and bbls at 14¾@15c, and kegs at 15¾@16c. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 15@22c and roll at 26@28c ₱ lb. Cheese—Sales at 13¾@16c. Eggs sell at 24@27c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been active. About 8000 bales of middlings sold at 23@25c for Uplands and 24@26c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—50 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 40c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples; sales at 7@8¾c ₱ lb. Dried Peaches; sales of quarters at 8@8¾c, and halves at 11@11¾c ₱ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 15@22c ₱ lb. Green Apples sell at from $5@6 ₱ bbl.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is more doing; 6000 tons Anthracite sold at $35@37½ for No 1; $32@34,50 for No 2, and $22@23 ₱ ton for bars.

SEEDS—Clover seed has been in fair demand. About 2500 bus sold at $7,50@8,25 ₱ bus for fair to prime Penna, and $8,50 for choice Western. Timothy; 300 bus sold at $2,75@3. Flaxseed; 500 bus sold at $2,80@2,85 ₱ bus.

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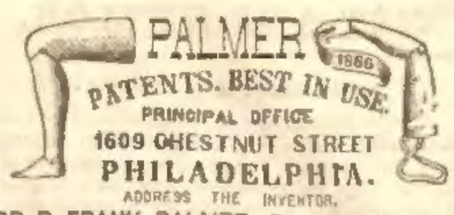

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Coon Fight in Kentucky.

A coon fight is one of the glories of life in Kentucky. The programme is this: Some one announces to the gentlemen planters of an extended neighborhood that he will give a barbacue and coon fight on a certain day, at such a place, and they are invited to bring themselves, their friends and their dogs, for his coon is a veteran, and will make a big fight. This brings a large gathering of men and dogs to enjoy the feast and the fight. The coon is placed in a barrel with one head out, laid flat, so that he cannot be taken on the flank or rear, and the dog that brings out the coon—and it takes one of pluck to do that—wins the bet.

On the occasion to be described, a large party assembled with numerous fine dogs, eager for the fray. The sport began—but every dog of the party was whipped out by the sharp teeth and claws of the gallant coon. As a matter of course there was a noisy clamor and some tough swearing at the result. There was a seedy Yankee present, looking on with a grin of delight, as each defeated dog gave up the battle. He had with him a miserable yellow cur, which went sneaking about with its tail between its legs, snapping and shying at every dog that offered tokens of friendly introduction.

In the midst of the uproar, Yankee quietly remarked—

"Wal, gentlemen, I think I have got a dog that will bring 'eout that 'ere coon."

"Where is he? Where is he? Bring him out," shout a score of witnesses.

"There he is!" pointing to the miserable cur.

There was a general laugh, and immediate offers of bets in any quantity.

"Wal, gentlemen, I hain't got much money, but here's my watch and three dollars. That 'ere watch is a leetle old, but it's an all-fired nice timekeeper."

"I'll bet you ten dollars against your watch and the money."

"Wal, I guess that's about fair; I'll do it."

After a great deal of coaxing and pulling, the mongrel was hauled close to the mouth of the barrel. The Yankee, after patting and calling his dog pet names for a minute, suddenly seized him, and thrust him into the barrel, stern first. The next instant, with an agonized yelp, out came the dog—and out came the coon, too—fastened by tooth and claw to the haunches of the fleeing dog. The screams that followed may not be described."

"I guess I'll take that 'ere money and watch," quietly remarked Mr. Yankee, and he took them.

The loser, with a scowl, by way of self-comfort, observed—

"I reckon your dog is spoiled."

"Wal—yes—guess he's a leetle damaged; but I never reckoned him worth mor'n ten dollars."

Dodging a Creditor.

The following authentic anecdote, in connection with the Drury Lane Theatre, rebuilt by Holland, the architect, in 1794, and by him leased to Sheridan, will, we doubt not, be new to our readers:

Holland could never obtain a settlement, or even an interview on the subject, with Sheridan. He hunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theatre, at his usual resorts; but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage door, rushed in, in spite of the opposition of the burly porter, and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentlemen whom he had invited to show them the theatre. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was this time impossible, put a bold face on the matter.

"Ah! my dear fellow," exclaimed he, "you are the very man I wanted to see—you have come most *apropos*. I am truly sorry you have had the trouble of calling on me so often, but now we are met, in a few minutes I shall be at liberty; we will then go into my room together, and settle our affairs; but first you must decide an important question here. Some of these gentlemen tell me there are complaints, and loud ones, that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theatre. That in fact the galleries cannot hear at all, and that is the reason why they have become so noisy of late."

"Sound defective! not hear!" reiterated the astonished architect, turning pale, and almost staggering back; "why, it is the most perfect building for sound that ever was erected; I'll stake my reputation on it, the complaint is most groundless."

"So I say," retorted Sheridan; "but now we'll bring the question to issue definitely, and then have a paragraph or two in the papers. Do you, Holland, go and place yourself at the back of the upper gallery, while I stand here on the stage and talk to you."

"Certainly," said Holland, "with the greatest pleasure."

A lantern was provided, with a trusty guide, and away went the architect through a labryinth of dark and winding passages, almost a day's journey, until he reached his distant and elevated post.

"Now, Mr. Holland," cried Sheridan, "are you there and ready?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Can you hear me?"

"Perfectly, perfectly, Mr. Sheridan."

"Then I wish you a very good-morning."

So saying, Sheridan disappeared, and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair again.

☞ Hon. Mrs. Norton, in her novel of "Old Sir Douglas," winds up a highly-wrought death scene thus: "The anguish of mortal pain seemed to melt into peace. A great sigh escaped him, such as bursts from the bosom in some sudden relief from suffering, and the handsome man was a *handsome corpse*."

☞ A girl presenting herself for a situation at a house "where no Irish need apply," in answer to the question where she came from, said: "Sure, couldn't ye persave by me accint that it's Frinch I am."

☞ The worst wheel of a cart makes the most noise.

THIS IS MR. PUNCH'S LATEST SUGGESTION

For a very *Sweet Thing* in Short Dresses.

A Law Story.

A few years ago a couple of Dutchmen, Von Vampt and Von Bones, lived on friendly terms on the high hills of Limestone. At last they fell out over a dog. Von Vampt killed Von Bones' canine companion. Bones, choosing to assume the killing to have been intentional, sued Vampt for damages. They were called in due time into court, when the defendant in the case was asked by the judge whether he killed the dog.

"Pe sure I kilt him," said Vampt, "but let Bones prove it."

This being quite satisfactory, the plaintiff in the action was called on to answer a few questions, and among others he was asked by the judge at what amount he estimated the damages. He did not well understand the question, and so, to be a little plainer, the judge inquired what he thought the dog to be worth.

"Pe sure," replied Bones, "the dog was worth nothing, but since he was so mean as to kill him, he shall pay de full value of him."

How many suits have occupied the attention of courts—how many contests have engaged the time of the public, and have been waged with virulence and invective, having no more worthy difference than that of Von Vampt and Von Bones.

Confidence.

"You say you have confidence in Cookem, the plaintiff, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, sir."

"State to the court, if you please, what caused this feeling of confidence?"

"Why, you see, sir, there's allers reports 'bout eaten'-house men, an' I used to kinder think—"

"Never mind what you thought—tell us what you know."

"Well, sir, one day I goes down to Cookem's shop, an' sez to the waiter, 'Waiter,' sez I, 'give's a weal pie.'"

"Well, sir, proceed."

"Well, just then Mr. Cookem comes up, an' sez he, 'How du you du, Smith? what yo going to hev?'

"'Weal pie,' sez I.

"'Good,' sez he; 'I'll take one tu.' So he sets down and cuts one of his own weal pies right afore me."

"Did that cause your confidence in him?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; when an eaten'-house-keeper sets down afore his customers and deliberately eats one of his own weal pies, no man refuses to feel confidence—it shows him to be an honest man."

Rather Spicy.

A lady being invited to send in a toast to be read at the anniversary celebration of the Pilgrim Fathers, furnished the following. It is spicy enough to flavor half a dozen anniversary dinners:

"The 'Pilgrim Fathers,' forsooth! What had they to endure in comparison to the Pilgrim Mothers? It is true they had hunger, and cold, and sickness, and danger—foes without and within—but the unfortunate Pilgrim Mothers! they had not only these to endure, but they had the Pilgrim Fathers also! and yet their names are never mentioned. Whoever heard of the Pilgrim Mothers? Whoever gave a dinner in honor of them? Whoever writes songs, drinks toasts and makes speeches in recollection of them? This self-sufficiency of the men is beyond endurance. One would actually suppose that New England had been colonized by men, and posterity provided for by special providence."

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY has occurred in California. A gentleman made a lady a present of a pair of pistols, and after several trials of skill they concluded to go through the form of a duel. They took their positions, fired at the word, and to the terror of the lady the gentleman fell. She threw herself frantically upon the corpse, embracing and kissing it with every emotion of endearment. Under such magical influence the gentleman revived, and rose unhurt from the ground, and—and—they are to be married.

☞ Two distinguished philosophers took shelter under one tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them complained that he felt the rain. "Never mind," replied the other, "there are plenty of trees; when this one is wet through, we will go to another."

☞ Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

A Mystery Explained.

If startling phenomena were promptly investigated, says the Watchman and Reflector, by minds free from superstition and fear, occurrences that appear to have a supernatural origin would often find an easy solution. Judge Parson used to tell with great zest of an incident in his travels, which would have furnished food for a whole company of village gossips.

His wife, who seemed much agitated, waked him one night at a village inn, and told him there was a woman sitting at the foot of the bed knitting. The judge saw the figure as distinctly as his wife, but having no thought of a supernatural origin of the vision, began to speculate on its real cause. After looking sharply for a few minutes, while the woman knitted on with unruffled composure, he was confident that he could see the wall though her, and that she could not, therefore, be substantial flesh and blood. This discovery, which might have affrighted weaker men, only aroused his curiosity. He at once rose from his bed, and walking to the foot, saw that no one was there—the form had vanished.

Putting his head as nearly as possible in the position where he had seen the woman, the mystery was at once explained. He saw a circular hole in the shutter behind the bed, through which rays of light were streaming, and going to this hole to look through, saw a woman in a room on the other side of the street knitting. The nerves of the wife were greatly soothed by this discovery, and the inquisitive spirit of the judge was gratified by so simple an explanation of the apparition. Many ghost stories could be easily shorn of their apparently supernatural character by a cool and careful investigation.

☞ An unfortunate female, while going down Main street, slipped up and sat down on the pavement. One of the Main street clerks called out, "Miss, you've dropped something." The lady gathered herself up, and in a spiteful voice replied: "Well, I picked it up again."

AGRICULTURAL.

Sorry He Sold His Farm.

The Doctor says he "never knew a man to sell his farm who did not regret it." This is perhaps stating it a little too strong. But being one of the oldest pastors in Western New York, he has had good opportunities for observation. I think men engaged in other pursuits, who buy farms, expecting to find nothing but pleasure and profit in agriculture, are generally very glad of an opportunity to dispose of them. Such men seldom regret selling. But with a farmer the case is very different. He either sells because he thinks he can buy a better or cheaper farm, or because he is tired of farming, and proposes to live in the city. In the latter case he is almost certain to wish himself back again on the farm. I heard of such a case the other day. A farmer was offered last spring what he thought a high price for his farm, and accepted the offer, thinking he could live comfortably in the city on the interest of the money. After trying it six or eight months, he offered the purchaser $1,000 to let him have the farm back again, giving him the summer crops and the wheat into the bargain. A farmer who sells, expecting to buy another farm, finds it not so easy to suit himself as he expected. If you must sell, the better plan is to know beforehand where you are going.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Word Without the Blow.

"I remember," says a writer, "when a boy, how one of our neighbors always excited wonder, by his manner of driving oxen. There was none of the loud shouting and hallooing, the flourishing and cracking of whips, that I was accustomed to see in others; but he walked quietly by their side, or rode in his seat, never raising his voice above his usual tone, never speaking a second time; but whether he wished them to advance or stop, turn to the right hand or the left, he gave the appropriate word as he would speak to you or me; and what most of all upset my ideas of the requisites of a teamster was, they always obeyed him. Whether the load was light or heavy, whether hauling stones or uprooting stumps, 'twas all the same: they girded their stout necks to the yoke with a right good will, as though they had found a master for whom 'duty was a pleasure and a law.'"

The Art of Grinding Tools.

More than one-half of all the wear and tear and breakage and of dull tools comes from a lack of proper knowledge and practice in grinding. All steel, however highly refined, is composed of individual fibres laid lengthways in the bar, held firmly together by cohesion; and in almost all farm implements of the cutting kind, the steel portion which forms the edge, if from a separate bar, is laid in and welded to the iron longitudinally, so that it is the side of the bundle of fibres hammered and ground down that forms the edge. Hence, by holding on the grindstone all edge-tools, as axes, drawing knives, knives of reapers, scythes, knives of straw-cutters, &c., in such a manner that the action of the stone is at right angles with the plane of the edge, or, in plainer words, by holding the edge of the tools square across the stone, the direction of the fibres will be changed, so as to present the ends instead of the side as a cutting edge; by grinding in this manner a fine, smooth edge is set, the tool is ground in less time, holds an edge a great deal longer, and is far less liable to "nick out" and break.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Items.

—To save his face from the whisking of his cow's tails, while milking, a Herkimer county, N. Y., dairyman stretches a stout wire across the stable, immediately back of the cows. In the brush of each cow's tail he fastens a small iron ring. A hook upon the wire secures the offensive member out of the way of the milker. As soon as the cow is milked, the hook is removed from the ring, and the animal turned out of the stable.

—A wash composed of lime, salt, and fine sand or wood ashes, put on in the ordinary way of whitewashing, renders the roof fifty per cent. more secure against taking fire from falling cinders, in case of fire in the vicinity. It pays the expense a hundred fold in its preserving influence against the effects of the weather. The older and more weather beaten the shingles, the more benefit derived.

—A certain insect lays 2,000 eggs, but a single tomtit will destroy 200,000 eggs in a year. A swallow devours 543 insects in a day, eggs and all. A sparrow's nest was found to contain 700 pairs of the upper wings of the cockchafer, though other food was procurable in abundance. So save the birds.

—In England, at least 50,000 tons of cheese are made annually, and about 30,000 tons more are imported from America. The consumption of cheese in England is said to have increased much more rapidly than the population, and for some years past the price there has steadily risen, and the amount imported has already increased.

RECEIPTS.

POACHED EGGS.—Have some boiling water in a skillet over a quick fire. Break the eggs into it carefully, and sprinkle salt over them. When the white is well set, take them up with an egg-spoon, pour over a little melted butter, season with black pepper, and serve on buttered toast. Or you may omit the toast and add a little vinegar to the melted butter.

BAKED MUTTON CHOPS—A FRENCH RECEIPT.—Put each chop into a piece of paper with pepper and salt, and seasoning of such herbs as are agreeable. Add a little butter; put each into another piece of paper before baking. When done sufficiently, in a quick oven, they are to be served, having the outer paper removed, the first paper being left in order to retain the heat and gravy.

TO COOK MACARONI.—Put the macaroni into a pot of boiling water, with a little salt in it, and let it cook ten minutes. Then pour on fresh hot water and milk in equal quantities, and boil ten minutes more. Then put it into a deep dish, with alternate layers of butter and grated cheese, until the dish is full, having macaroni on the top, with a little butter on it without cheese. Bake in an oven or stove for half an hour.

OYSTER PIE.—Take a large dish, butter it, and spread a rich paste over the sides and round the edge, but not at the bottom. The oysters should be fresh, and as large and fine as possible. Drain off part of the liquor from the oysters. Put them into a pan, and season them with pepper, salt, and spice. Stir them well with the seasoning. Have ready the yolks of eggs, chopped fine, and the grated bread. Pour the oysters, with as much of their liquor as you please, into the dish that has the paste in it. Strew over them the chopped egg and grated bread. Roll out the lid of the pie, and put it on, crimping the edges handsomely. Take a small sheet of paste, cut it into a square, and roll it up. Cut it with a sharp knife into the form of a double tulip. Make a slit in the centre of the upper crust, and stick the tulip in it. Cut out eight large leaves of paste, and lay them on the lid. Bake the pie in a quick oven.

WARM SLAW.—Make a sauce of beaten yolk of egg, a teacup of vinegar, a teacup of sour cream, and butter the size of a walnut; and when it begins to thicken, put in the cut cabbage, and stir until it is hot. Add salt and pepper, to the taste.

ENGLISH SALAD MIXTURE.—Beat a raw egg, with a salt spoonful of salt, until it is thoroughly smooth, then incorporate with it a teaspoonful of mustard, made rather thicker than usual. When these are quite smooth, add, by degrees, one, two, or three tablespoonfuls, or even more, of good salad-oil, taking care to blend each portion of it with the egg before adding more. This ought to make any quantity, up to a teacupful, of a tenacious mass, so thick that a teaspoon will stand up in it, and as smooth as honey. Dilute it with vinegar till it assumes the consistence of thick cream. No salad mixture is so smooth and rich as this, and at the same time the original oily flavor is completely lost, from the *raw egg* converting the oil into an emulsion. A little anchovy may be added if desired.

MUTTON TO EAT LIKE VENISON.—Take a loin of mutton and bone it; lay it on the fat side in a stewpan, with an onion stuck over with cloves, until the meat is slightly brown. Then pour over it one pint of broth, a gill of port-wine, half a gill of catsup, and let all stew together gently for three hours. Serve with a rich brown sauce.

THE RIDDLER.

Prize Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 76 letters.
My 13, 46, 72, is the Latin for "twice."
My 26, 57, 33, 70, 29, was a famous marsh near Argos.
My 9, 49, 63, 1, 41, was the daughter of Tantalus.
My 59, 34, 11, 22, 40, 61, 28, was a great Roman actor.
My 40, 10, 75, 54, 28, was the brother of Romulus.
My 17, 59, 49, 4, 60, 21, was the son of Neptune.
My 66, 73, 31, 6, 72, was the place of departed spirits.
My 15, 74, 60, 50, 56, 37, 28, was one of the Cyclops.
My 39, 67, 51, 23, 12, was a river in the lower world.
My 35, 27, 31, 43, 72, 2, was one of the Gorgons.
My 24, 47, 65, 52, 34, 70, 76, was loved by Cleopatra.
My 32, 10, 58, 3, 53, 48, 16, was an ancient city.
My 36, 69, 30, 53, killed Alexander.
My 18, 20, 42, 27, 25, is a river in Germany.
My 55, 23, 5, 41, 28, was an ancient philosopher.
My 8, 44, 7, 25, 73, was the goddess of flowers.
My 71, 14, 71, 12, 72, was a king of Lydia.
My 64, 10, 38, 68, 69, 50, 68, is an ancient town of Scotland.
My 45, 49, 38, 42, 69, 62, is a town in Prussia noted for a great treaty.
My whole is a great event in history.

NOTICE.—The person sending me the most correct answer to the above Enigma, *accompanied with their photograph*, before the 1st of April, will receive a *splendid cloth book*. The name of the winner will be made known through "The Post." Let all compete. Address all letters to

HENRY C. PARKER,
Canstown, Miami Co., Ohio.

P. S.—Competitors must send the answer to every line, as well as the answer to the whole.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

This Enigma contains 64 letters.
My 16, 10, 63, 46, 50, 31, 57, 2, 29, is a town in Ohio.
My 47, 3, 11, 6, is a town in Ohio.
My 51, 7, 2, 24, 18, 22, 17, 16, 6, is a town in Ohio.
My 9, 25, 42, 16, 40, is a town in Ohio.
My 30, 28, is a town in Ohio.
My 39, 62, 50, 48, 36, is a town in Ohio.
My 34, 54, 49, 41, 50, 30, 44, is a town in Huron county, Ohio.
My 9, 40, 12, 32, is a town in Huron county, Ohio.
My 13, 20, 8, 57, 56, 33, 52, 10, 61, is a town in Adams county, Ohio.
My 6, 37, 38, 24, 55, 23, is a town in Ohio, and
My 30, 47, 61, 53, 61, 40, 48, 26, 12, 38, is the county it is in.
My 1, 17, 58, 5, 15, 46, 35, 48, 19, 33, 6, is a town in
My 46, 16, 4, 60, 39, 55, 37, 24, county in Ohio.
My 20, 40, 50, 14, 7, 42, is a town in the last mentioned county.
My whole is a good motto for all to remember. SYDNEY SEYMOUR.

Algebraic Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The fore wheel of a carriage makes 3 revolutions more than the hind wheel in going 60 yards; but, if the circumference of each wheel be increased one yard, it will make only 2 revolutions more than the hind wheel in the same space. Required—the circumference of each. W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman wishes to discharge a debt of $300, principal and interest, by means of 20 equal annual payments. How much must he pay each year? MELVILLE.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I bought a quantity of cider for $8, and sold a quantity, exceeding three-quarters of the whole by 14 gallons, at a profit of 30 per cent. I afterwards sold the remainder at such a price as to clear 50 per cent. by the whole transaction; but if I had sold the whole at the latter price, I would have gained 180 per cent. How many gallons did I purchase? W. T. STONEBRAKER.
West Milton, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the letter H like a cure for deafness? Ans.—Because it makes the ear hear.

☞ Why are book-keepers like chickens? Ans.—Because they have to scratch for a living.

☞ What is the difference between a town and its people? Ans.—It is laid out at the *beginning* of its existence, and they at the *end* of theirs.

☞ What proof have we that Noah navigated an American river? Ans.—Because he was on the Ark and saw, (Arkansas.)

☞ What do you always do before you go to sleep? Ans.—Shut your eyes.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"David Copperfield." ENIGMA—Constantinople. METAGRAM—Book, rook, boom, fool.

☞ This enticing advertisement appears in a Paris paper: "A young lady of forty-eight, having a moderate income, but possessing a patent for a new invention, wishes to marry a gentleman of sixty-five well versed in chemistry."